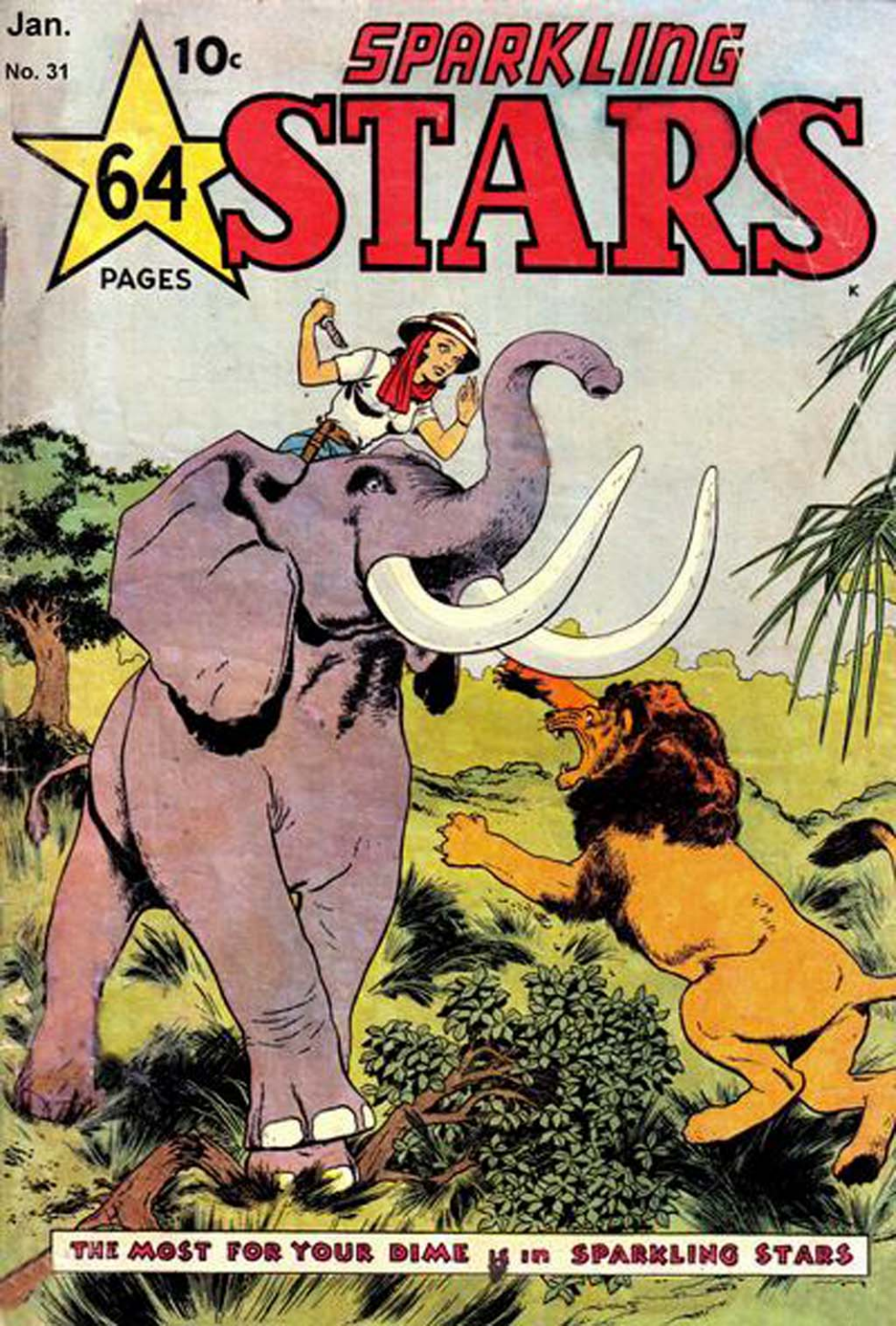
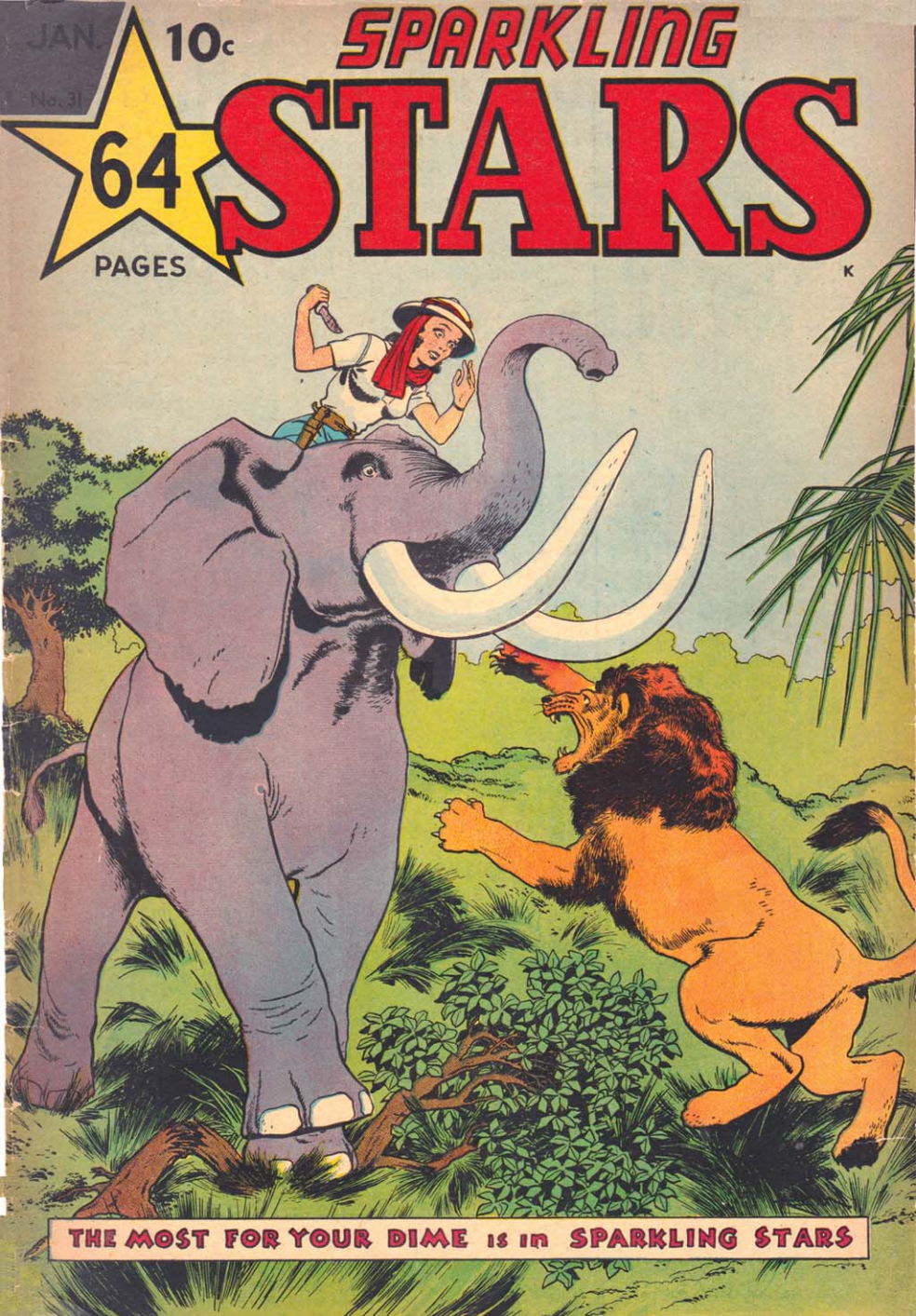

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CRIME AND CRIME PREVENTION AUTHORITY WRITES FOR US



J. M. MASTER
U. S. Probation Officer
Southern District of New York

Would you like to have an expert — known by prison officials, district attorneys and police officers all over the country — tell you why criminals and juvenile delinquents (so-called "bad" boys and "bad" girls) get that way? And how crime can be reduced?

Well, you can have the privilege of reading special articles concerning the foregoing subjects, written by J. M. Master, U.S. Probation Officer. We have induced him to write on many interesting topics in connection with his work.

The first three of the series of articles appearing in early issues of SPARKLING STARS, written by the U. S. Probation Officer are:—

"WHY 'BAD' BOYS ARE CRIMINALS?"
"WHY THREE BOYS TURNED CRIMINALS?"
"WRONG START, RIGHT END, MADE BY THREE BOYS"

The 20 years that Mr. Master has spent in and out of prison and correctional work, include the following positions:— Personnel Officer of the Massachusetts State Prison, executive secretary of the Big Brother Association of Boston, supervisor of the Personnel Dept., of the Mass. Reformatory for Men, supervisor of the information and complaint dept. of the Juvenile Court for the District of Columbia, probation director and editorial assistant of the Attorney General's Survey of Release & Procedure of the U.S. Department of Justice, and warden's assistant of the Federal Detention Headquarters, New York City.

In the course of his prison work, Mr. Master became skilled in the use of revolvers, machine guns, tear gas, ju-jutsu, etc. But although he can deal with the toughest criminal, Mr. Master is also an understanding scholar. He has B.A. and M.A. degrees from Harvard University, and in addition, studied at the New School for Social Research and at the N.Y. School of Social Work.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Much has been written about the so-called glamorous careers of criminals. But in an early issue of SPARKLING STARS will appear the far more glamorous career of an outstanding detective of the New York Police Department — written by a friend who has known him for a long time. It's title is:—

A GREAT BROADWAY DETECTIVE— A TRUE CRIME FIGHTER

HOLYOKE PUBLISHING CO., 1 Appleton St., Holyoke, Massachusetts

I don't want to miss receiving my monthly copy of Sparkling Stars, so here is my dollar bill. Please send me the next 12 big issues of Sparkling Stars—my favorite comic book.

NAME ..... TOWN .....

STREET ..... STATE .....

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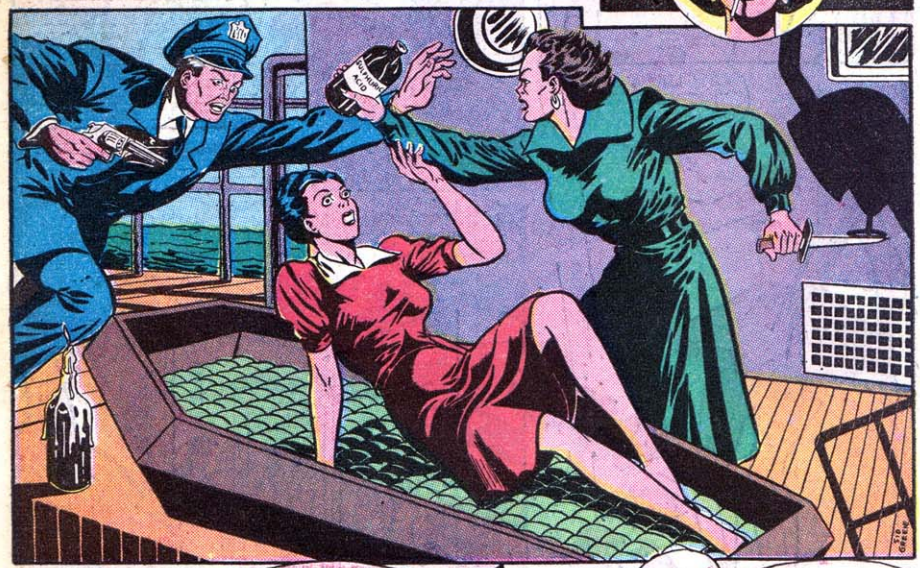
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INSPECTOR Click Hunt

SEEKING TO SAVE THE LIFE OF ARIZONA LEE, INSPECTOR HUNT BEGINS A TRAIL OF TERROR THAT ENDS IN A LONG, HARD, HAIR-RAISING RIDE OF HORROR IN ···

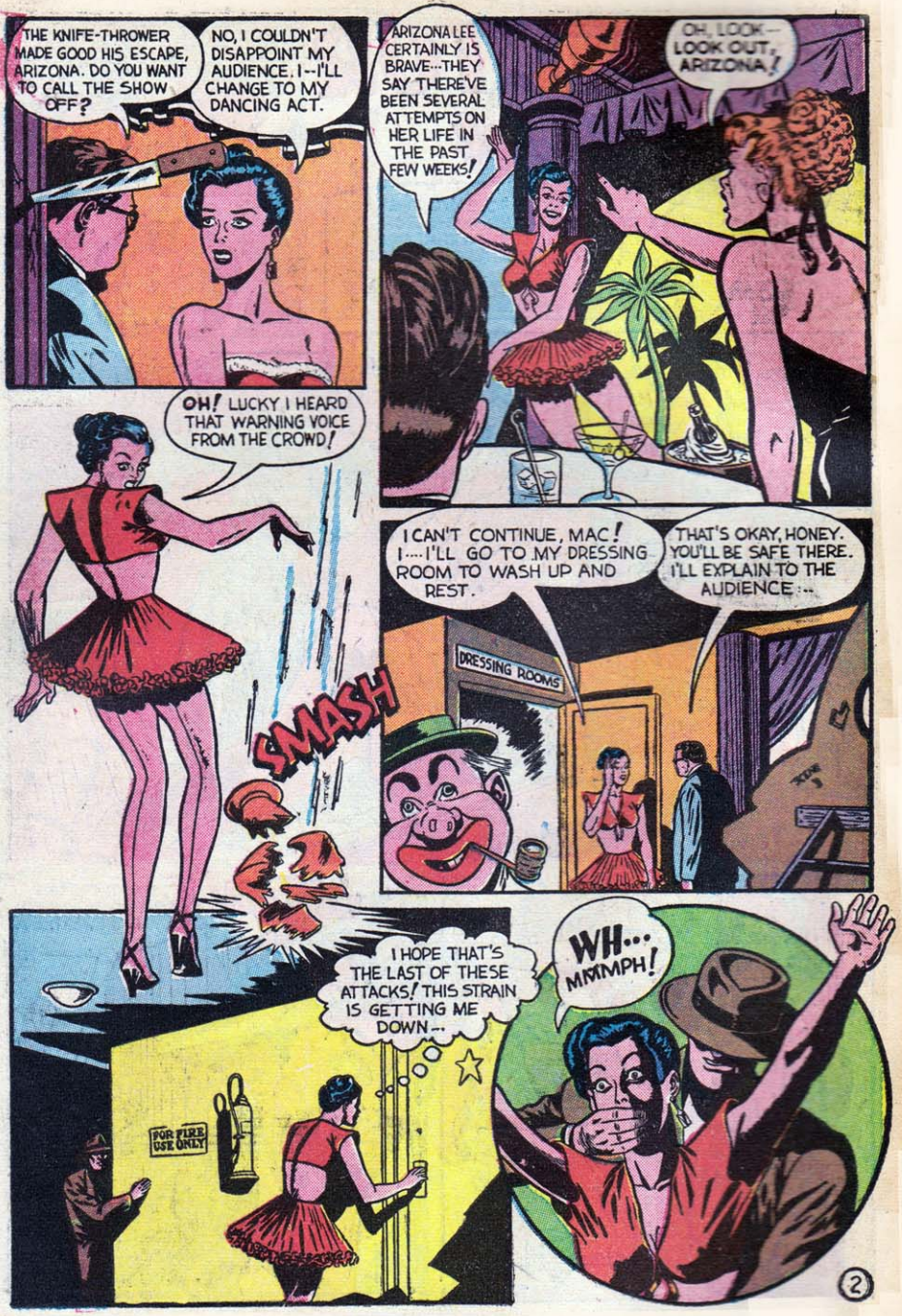
"THE CASE OF THE PORTABLE MORGUE!"



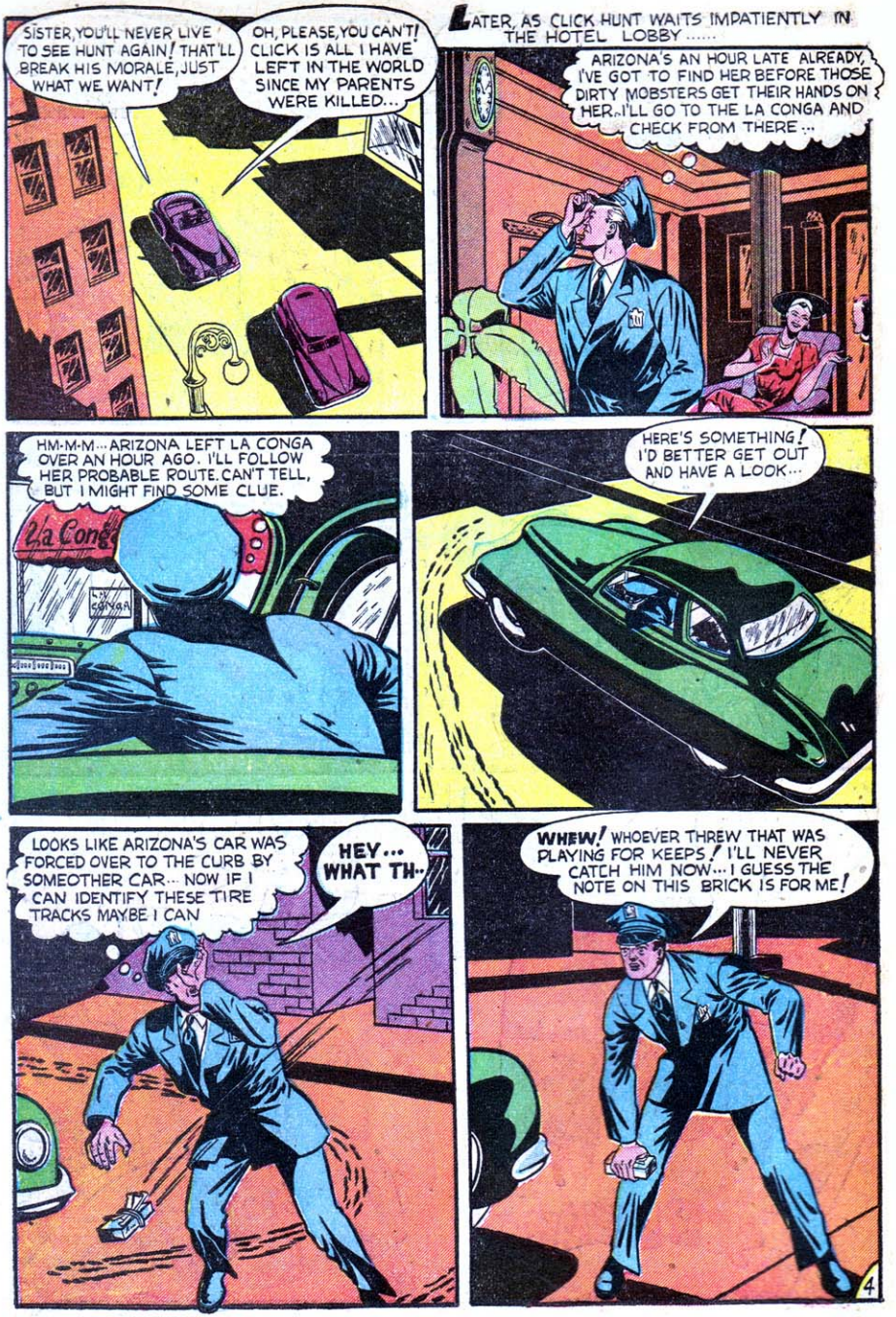







THE KNIFE-THROWER MADE GOOD HIS ESCAPE, ARIZONA. DO YOU WANT TO CALL THE SHOW OFF?
NO, I COULDN'T DISAPPOINT MY AUDIENCE. I--I'LL CHANGE TO MY DANCING ACT.
ARIZONA LEE CERTAINLY IS BRAVE--THEY SAY THERE'VE BEEN SEVERAL ATTEMPTS ON HER LIFE IN THE PAST FEW WEEKS!
OH, LOOK--LOOK OUT, ARIZONA!
OH! LUCKY I HEARD THAT WARNING VOICE FROM THE CROWD!
SMASH
I CAN'T CONTINUE, MAC! I--I'LL GO TO MY DRESSING ROOM TO WASH UP AND REST.
THAT'S OKAY, HONEY. YOU'LL BE SAFE THERE. I'LL EXPLAIN TO THE AUDIENCE--
DRESSING ROOMS
I HOPE THAT'S THE LAST OF THESE ATTACKS! THIS STRAIN IS GETTING ME DOWN--
FOR FIRE USE ONLY
WH--- MMMPH!


THIS IS A LAST WARNING, ARIZONA LEE! GET INSPECTOR HUNT TO QUIT THE POLICE FORCE AND BOTH OF YOU GET OUT OF TOWN! IF YOU DON'T, YOU'LL BOTH END UP WITH A KNIFE IN YOUR BACKS, SOME DARK NIGHT!
OH! I MUST PHONE CLICK AT ONCE!
.... AND THAT'S THE STORY, CLICK! I THINK HE'S A MEMBER OF THE PANTHA KLAW MOB! I'VE SEEN HIS PICTURE IN YOUR FILES!
LOOK, SUGAR, MEET ME IN YOUR HOTEL LOBBY IN THIRTY MINUTES. I'VE GOT AN IDEA TO KEEP YOU OUT OF DANGER!
YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR TALKING SO FREELY OVER THE POLICE WIRE, ARIZONA LEE!
SOMEONE WAS LISTENING IN ON OUR CONVERSATION! I'M CONVINCED NOW THAT THERE'S A TIE-UP BETWEEN PANTHA KLAW AND SOME BIG SHOT AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS!
BAM
GOSH, I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE CLICK... OH, THAT CAR, IT'S TRYING TO CUT ME OFF!
SCREEEECH
OKAY, THRUSH, YOU AND ME ARE GOING FOR A RIDE! GET BEHIND THE WHEEL AND FOLLOW THE CAR IN FRONT OF YOU! ...OR ELSE...!
YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS! INSPECTOR HUNT WILL SAVE ME!


SISTER, YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO SEE HUNT AGAIN! THAT'LL BREAK HIS MORALE, JUST WHAT WE WANT!
OH, PLEASE, YOU CAN'T! CLICK IS ALL I HAVE LEFT IN THE WORLD SINCE MY PARENTS WERE KILLED...
LATER, AS CLICK HUNT WAITS IMPATIENTLY IN THE HOTEL LOBBY.....
ARIZONA'S AN HOUR LATE ALREADY, I'VE GOT TO FIND HER BEFORE THOSE DIRTY MOBSTERS GET THEIR HANDS ON HER.. I'LL GO TO THE LA CONGA AND CHECK FROM THERE...
HM-M-M... ARIZONA LEFT LA CONGA OVER AN HOUR AGO. I'LL FOLLOW HER PROBABLE ROUTE. CAN'T TELL, BUT I MIGHT FIND SOME CLUE.
La Conga
HERE'S SOMETHING! I'D BETTER GET OUT AND HAVE A LOOK...
LOOKS LIKE ARIZONA'S CAR WAS FORCED OVER TO THE CURB BY SOMEOTHER CAR... NOW IF I CAN IDENTIFY THESE TIRE TRACKS MAYBE I CAN
HEY... WHAT TH..
WHEW! WHOEVER THREW THAT WAS PLAYING FOR KEEPS! I'LL NEVER CATCH HIM NOW... I GUESS THE NOTE ON THIS BRICK IS FOR ME!
4


In case this trick fails to finish you off— better quit the police department right now, Hunt! If you don't we'll spoil the pretty looks of your girl friend Arizona Lee, with a dose of acid!
I CERTAINLY WON'T QUIT THE FORCE AND I CAN'T LET THOSE FIENDS HARM ARIZONA. I'LL HAVE TO GET PANTHA KLAW AND HER MOB BEFORE THEY CAN CARRY OUT THEIR THREAT! I'LL HAVE HEADQUARTERS CHECK AND IDENTIFY THOSE TIRE MARKS
THE ONLY CAR WE HAVE LISTED THAT COULD HAVE MADE THOSE MARKS BELONGS TO "FATS" BOONE, INSPECTOR.
"FATS" BOONE! WHY, THAT'S PANTHA KLAW'S TRIGGER-MAN! THIS CALLS FOR QUICK ACTION!
CLICK HUNT CALLS IN HIS BEST STOOL PIGEON ...
HERE HE IS, INSPECTOR, "WEASEL" WATKINS.
IF IT'S GOT ANYTHING TO DO WITH PANTHA KLAW, I AIN'T TALKIN'!
AFTER A FEW HOURS OF GRILLING, WATKINS "SINGS."
OKAY, OKAY, I'LL TALK! BOONE AIN'T IN TOWN. BUT HIS CAR IS AT THE ACME GARAGE, NEAR THE EAST RIVER. THAT'S ALL I KNOW!
WELL, IT GIVES ME SOMETHING TO WORK ON, ANYWAY.
A SHORT WHILE LATER IN A DESERTED GARAGE ...
THIS IS THE CAR, ALL RIGHT— UH-OH! I HEAR VOICES COMING THIS WAY.
5





MANY HOURS LATER, CLICK FEELS THE CAR DRAWING TO A HALT AT ITS DESTINATION....



CLICK HEARS MENACING VOICES ANNOUNCING AN UNEXPECTED COMPLICATION!

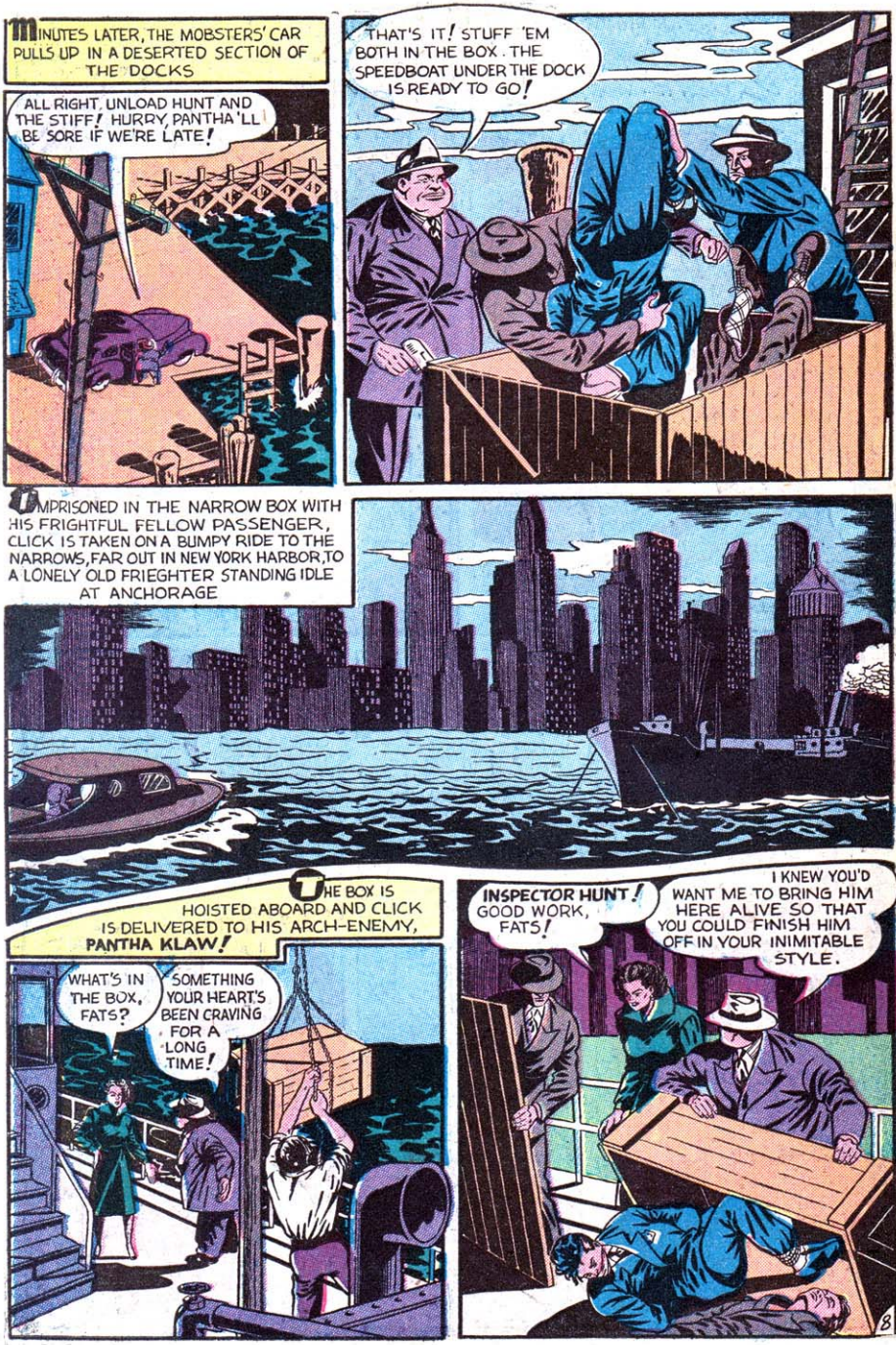


BUT WHEN FATS'S HENCHMAN OPENS THE BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT, HE GETS A BIG .....






THAT'S RIGHT, STUFF HIM IN THERE WITH THE STIFF! HAW, HAW, HAW! THIS IS YOUR LAST RIDE, HUNT... HOPE YOU ENJOY IT... HAW! HAW!
AFTER ANOTHER LONG, HARD RIDE, FATS'S CAR RE-ENTERS THE CITY AT BREAK-NECK SPEED.....
ALL RIGHT, PULL OVER, THERE!
PD
OTS
INSIDE THE BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT..
I OUGHT TO RUN YOU IN FOR THIS!
THAT VOICE, IT'S CLANCY - FROM MY SQUAD! IF ONLY I DIDN'T HAVE THIS GAG ON!
I'M SORRY OFFICER, I WAS HURRYING TO A FUNERAL!
A FUNERAL, IS IT? WELL NOW, THAT'S TOO BAD! GO AHEAD, I WON'T DELAY YOU ANY LONGER.
7


MINUTES LATER, THE MOBSTERS' CAR PULLS UP IN A DESERTED SECTION OF THE DOCKS
ALL RIGHT, UNLOAD HUNT AND THE STIFF! HURRY, PANTHA'LL BE SORE IF WE'RE LATE!
THAT'S IT! STUFF 'EM BOTH IN THE BOX. THE SPEEDBOAT UNDER THE DOCK IS READY TO GO!
IMPRISONED IN THE NARROW BOX WITH HIS FRIGHTFUL FELLOW PASSENGER, CLICK IS TAKEN ON A BUMPY RIDE TO THE NARROWS, FAR OUT IN NEW YORK HARBOR, TO A LONELY OLD FRIEGHTER STANDING IDLE AT ANCHORAGE
THE BOX IS HOISTED ABOARD AND CLICK IS DELIVERED TO HIS ARCH-ENEMY, PANTHA KLAW!
WHAT'S IN THE BOX, FATS?
SOMETHING YOUR HEART'S BEEN CRAVING FOR A LONG TIME!
INSPECTOR HUNT! GOOD WORK, FATS!
I KNEW YOU'D WANT ME TO BRING HIM HERE ALIVE SO THAT YOU COULD FINISH HIM OFF IN YOUR INIMITABLE STYLE.
8


I'M CARRYING THE BALL NOW, INSPECTOR! YOU SPURNED MY LOVE AND REFUSED TO QUIT THE POLICE AND JOIN MY GANG! INSTEAD, YOU ALMOST WRECKED IT. NOW I'LL HAVE MY REVENGE! BRING UP THE COFFIN BOYS!
THERE'S YOUR SWEETHEART! SHE ISN'T DEAD, JUST HALF DRUGGED. I'M GOING TO BURN HER FACE AWAY WITH ACID RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOUR EYES! THEN, I'LL WEIGHT YOU DOWN WITH THAT STIFF AND TOSS YOU INTO THE OCEAN!
WELL, HERE GOES! IT'S NO USE STRUGGLING, HUNT! YOU CAN'T GET LOOSE AND YOUR GIRL FRIEND IS UNCONCIOUS FROM THE DRUG!
YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT!
SULPHURIC ACID
NOT AS UNCONCIOUS AS YOU THINK! THAT DRUG WORE OFF AN HOUR AGO!
OH!
OH CLICK... I'M SO SCARED!
YOU'RE DOING GREAT, HONEY.... HURRY, CUT THESE ROPES. HERE COMES FATS AND HIS GANG!
HEY!
I'M GOING OVERBOARD, FATS AND I WANT YOU FOR COMPANY!



ATTRACTED BY THE SHOTS, A POLICE LAUNCH ARRIVES UPON THE SCENE .....

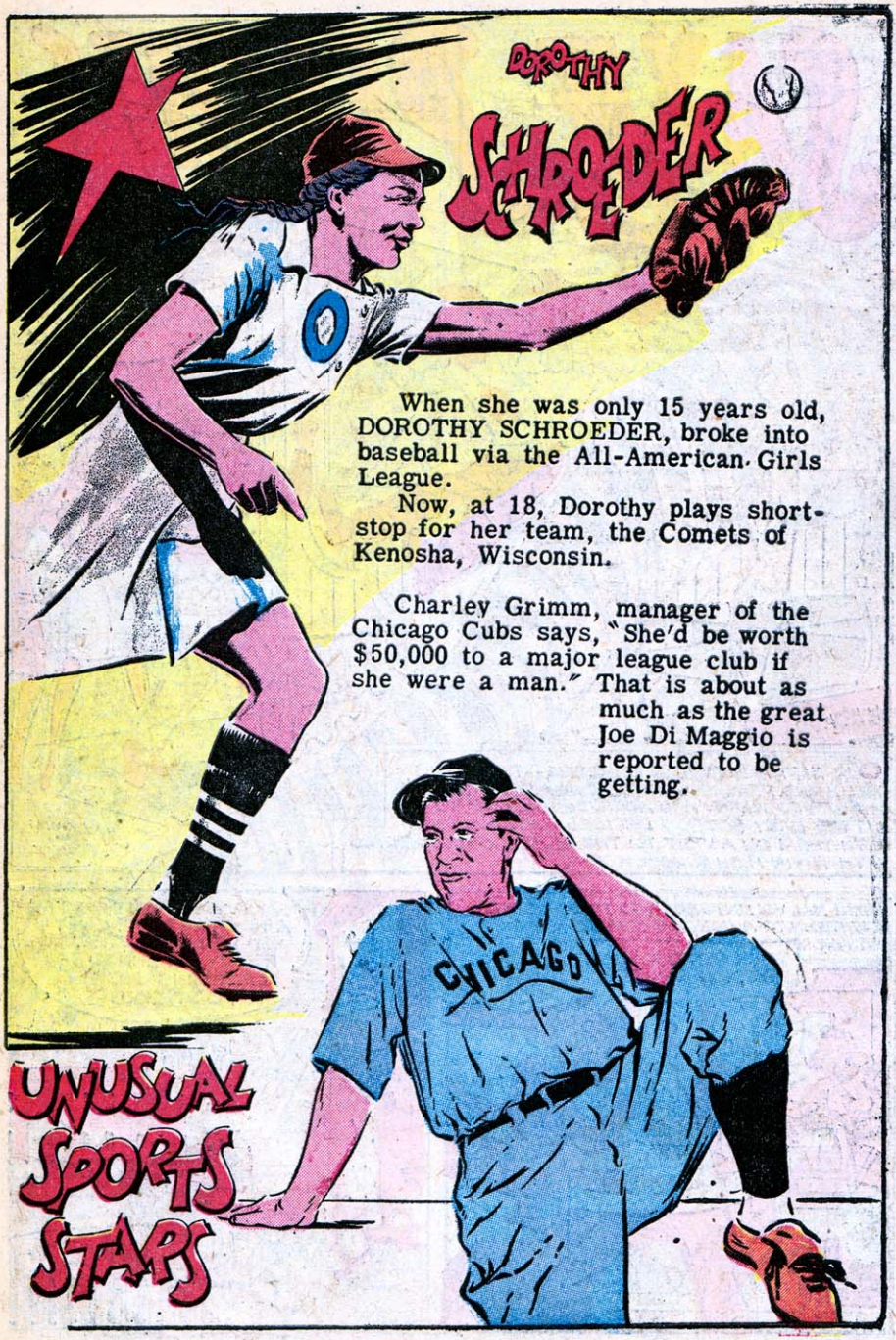




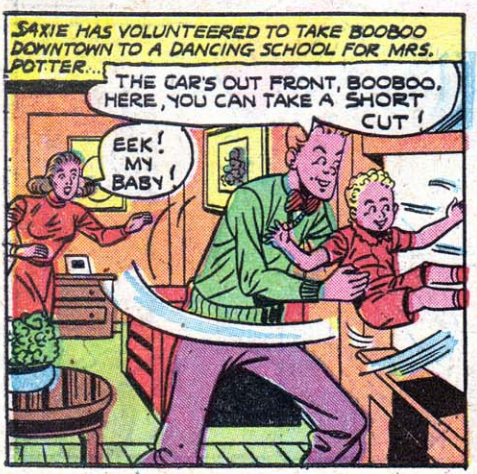




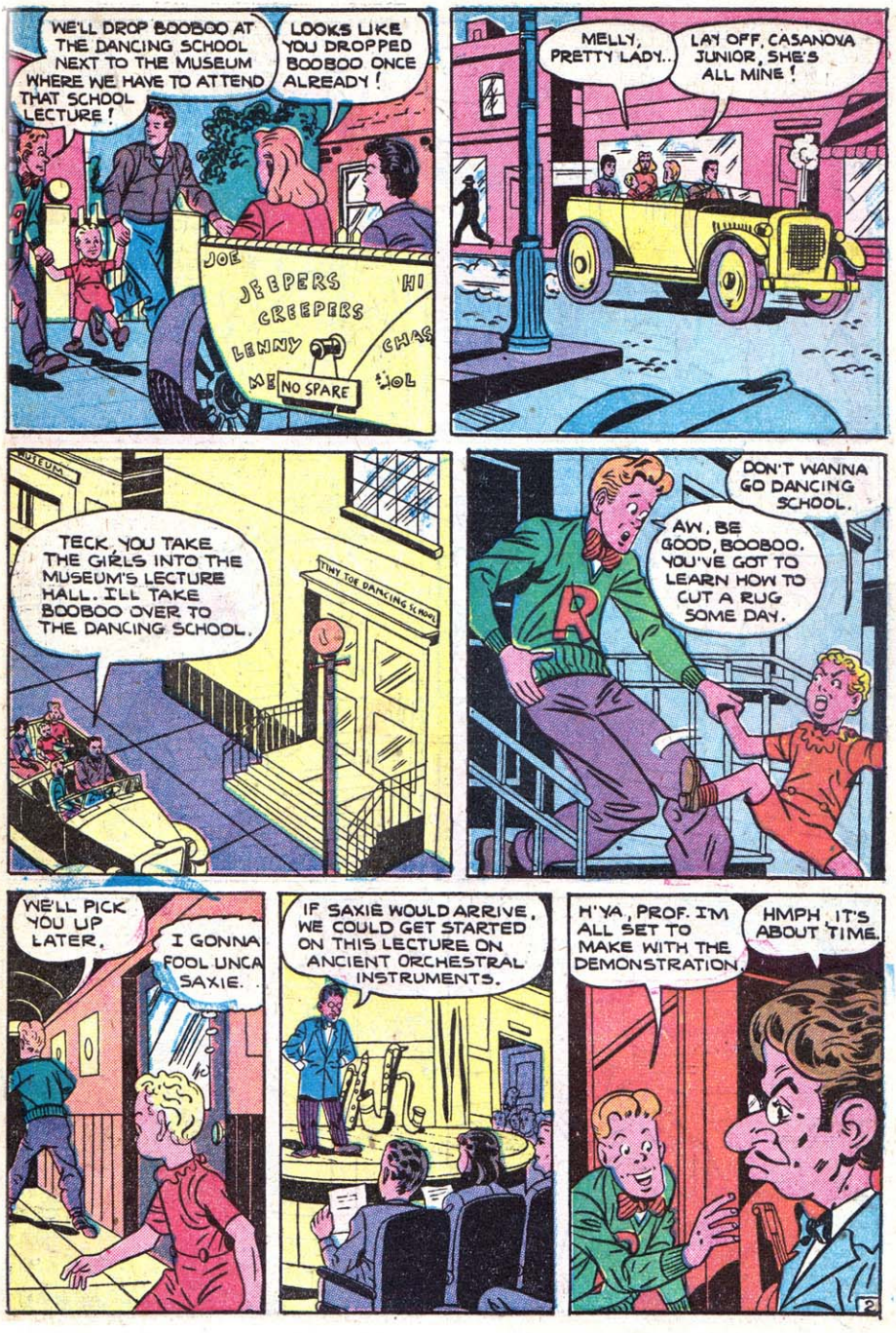


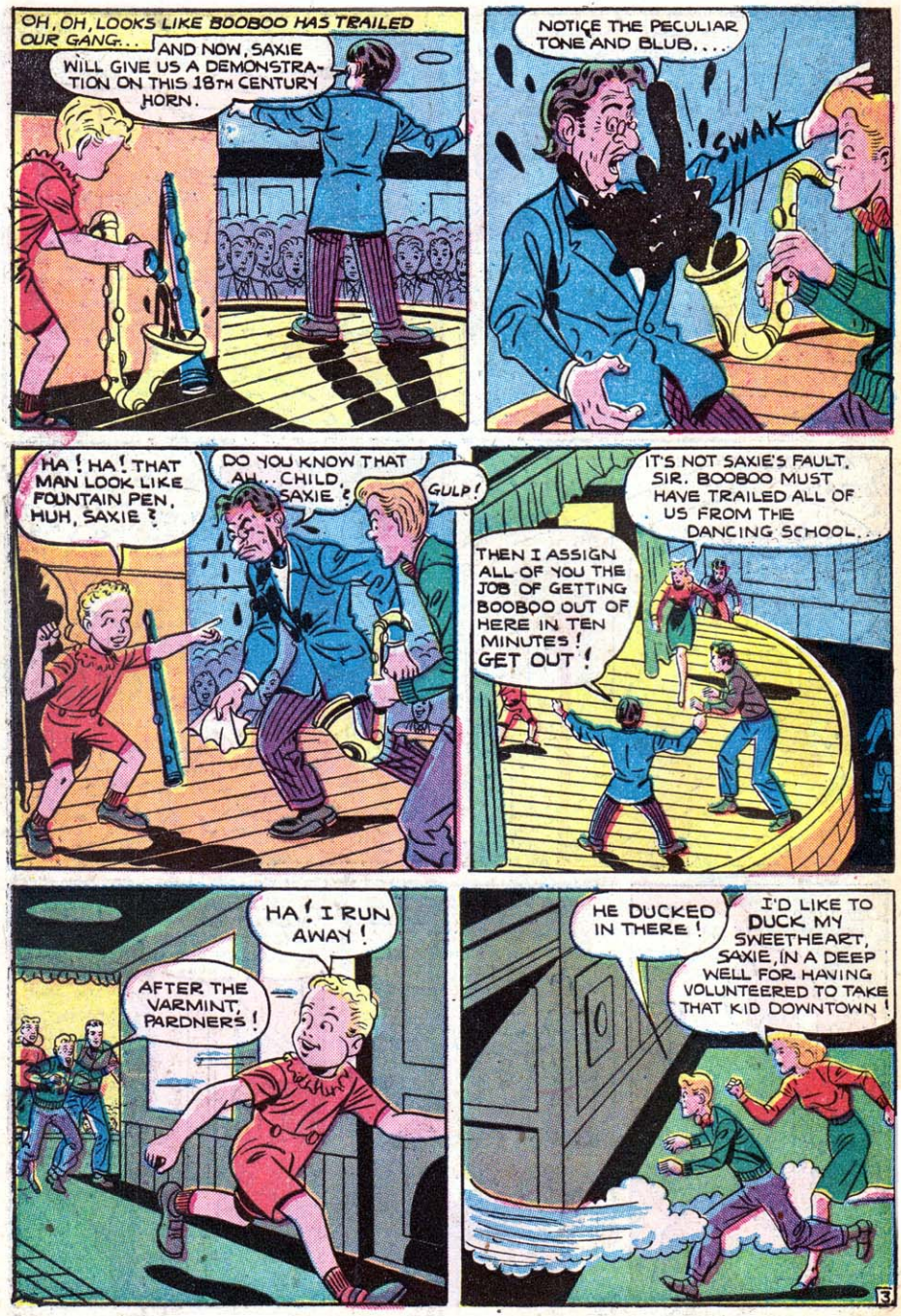

DOROTHY
SCHROEDER
When she was only 15 years old, DOROTHY SCHROEDER, broke into baseball via the All-American Girls League.
Now, at 18, Dorothy plays short-stop for her team, the Comets of Kenosha, Wisconsin.
Charley Grimm, manager of the Chicago Cubs says, "She'd be worth $50,000 to a major league club if she were a man." That is about as much as the great Joe Di Maggio is reported to be getting.
CHICAGO
UNUSUAL SPORTS STARS

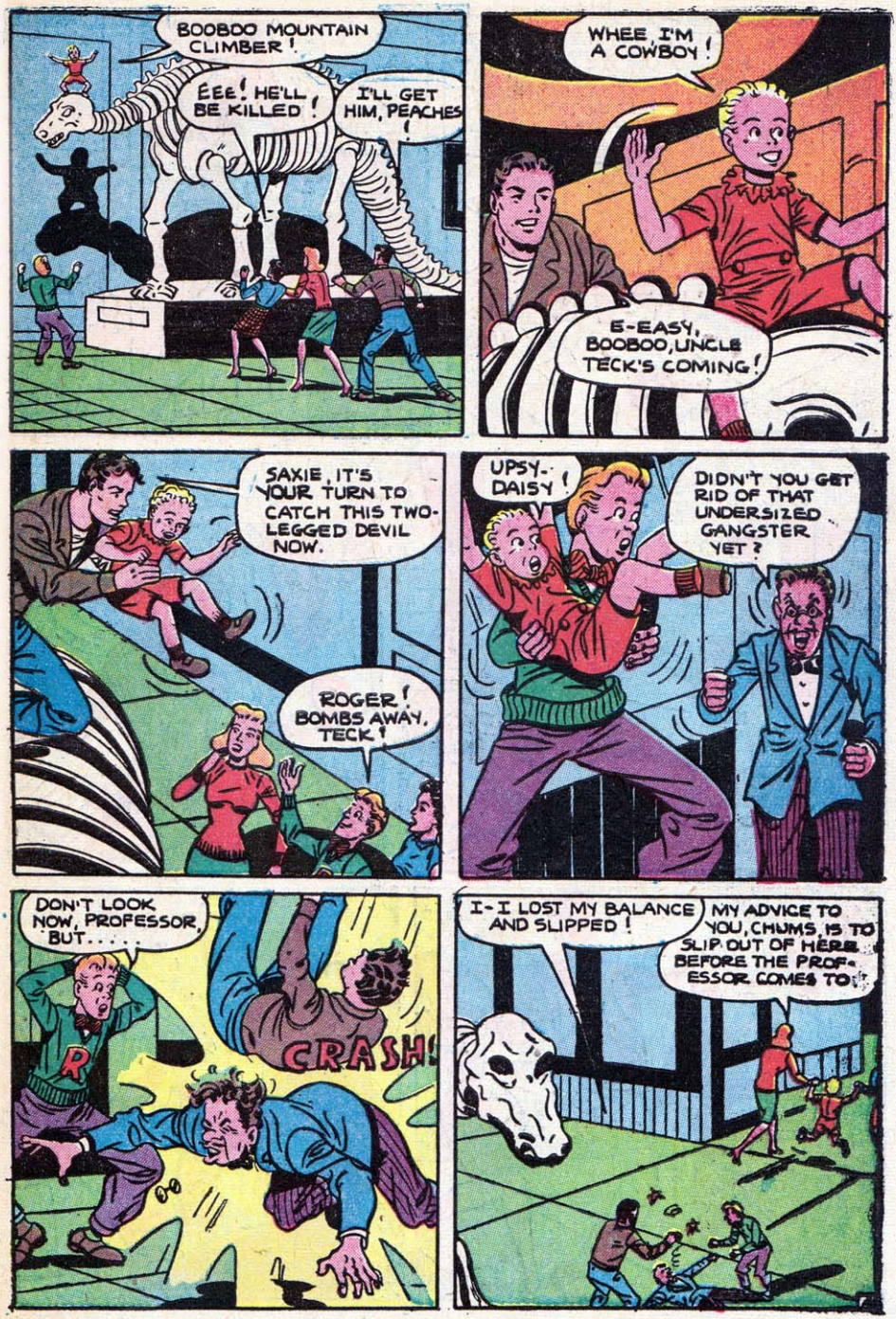

SAXIE and PEACHES
SAXIE, IS THAT THE WAY YOU TEACH BOOBOO TO BEHAVE IN THE MUSEUM?
DINASAUR
OUR FAST AND FURIOUS FOURSOME--TECK, SAXIE, MELLY AND PEACHES--GET SLOWED DOWN TO A WORRIED, WEARY AND WOEFUL BUNCH, WHEN LITTLE BABY BOOBOO DECIDES TO TAG ALONG WITH THEM ON A VISIT TO THE MUSEUM--CONNECTED WITH THEIR HIGH SCHOOL WORK.
NICHOLAS AND BRODSKY

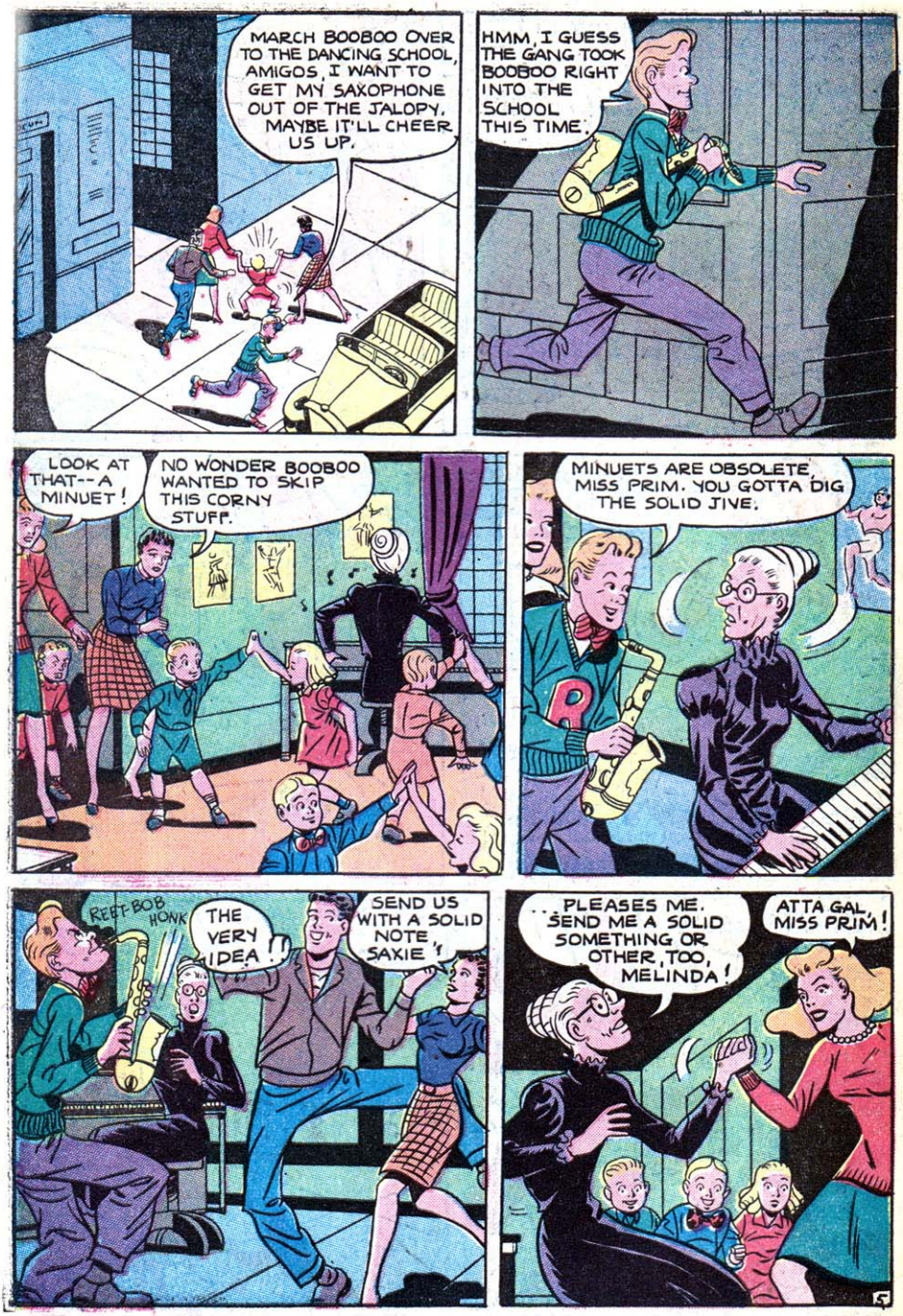

SAXIE HAS VOLUNTEERED TO TAKE BOOBOO DOWNTOWN TO A DANCING SCHOOL FOR MRS. POTTER...
THE CAR'S OUT FRONT, BOOBOO. HERE, YOU CAN TAKE A SHORT CUT!
EEK! MY BABY!


SAXIE, YOU ALMOST GAVE ME A HEART ATTACK! CAN'T YOU REMEMBER THAT PERCIVAL PENROD POTTER IS NOT A FOOTBALL?


WE'LL DROP BOOBOO AT THE DANCING SCHOOL NEXT TO THE MUSEUM WHERE WE HAVE TO ATTEND THAT SCHOOL LECTURE!
LOOKS LIKE YOU DROPPED BOOBOO ONCE ALREADY!
JOE
JEEPERS CREEPERS
HI
LENNY
CHAS
ME
NO SPARE
JOL
MELLY, PRETTY LADY..
LAY OFF, CASANOVA JUNIOR, SHE'S ALL MINE!
MUSEUM
TECK, YOU TAKE THE GIRLS INTO THE MUSEUM'S LECTURE HALL. I'LL TAKE BOOBOO OVER TO THE DANCING SCHOOL.
TINY TOE DANCING SCHOOL
DON'T WANNA GO DANCING SCHOOL.
AW, BE GOOD, BOOBOO. YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN HOW TO CUT A RUG SOME DAY.
WE'LL PICK YOU UP LATER.
I GONNA FOOL UNCA SAXIE.
IF SAXIE WOULD ARRIVE, WE COULD GET STARTED ON THIS LECTURE ON ANCIENT ORCHESTRAL INSTRUMENTS.
H'YA, PROF. I'M ALL SET TO MAKE WITH THE DEMONSTRATION.
HMPH. IT'S ABOUT TIME.
2


OH, OH, LOOKS LIKE BOOBOO HAS TRAILED OUR GANG...
AND NOW, SAXIE WILL GIVE US A DEMONSTRATION ON THIS 18TH CENTURY HORN.
NOTICE THE PECULIAR TONE AND BLUB....
SWAK
HA! HA! THAT MAN LOOK LIKE FOUNTAIN PEN, HUH, SAXIE?
DO YOU KNOW THAT AH... CHILD, SAXIE?
GULP!
IT'S NOT SAXIE'S FAULT, SIR. BOOBOO MUST HAVE TRAILED ALL OF US FROM THE DANCING SCHOOL..
THEN I ASSIGN ALL OF YOU THE JOB OF GETTING BOOBOO OUT OF HERE IN TEN MINUTES! GET OUT!
HA! I RUN AWAY!
AFTER THE VARMINT, PARDNERS!
HE DUCKED IN THERE!
I'D LIKE TO DUCK MY SWEETHEART, SAXIE, IN A DEEP WELL FOR HAVING VOLUNTEERED TO TAKE THAT KID DOWNTOWN!
3


BOOBOO MOUNTAIN CLIMBER!
EEE! HE'LL BE KILLED!
I'LL GET HIM, PEACHES!
WHEE, I'M A COWBOY!
E-EASY, BOOBOO, UNCLE TECK'S COMING!
SAXIE, IT'S YOUR TURN TO CATCH THIS TWO-LEGGED DEVIL NOW.
ROGER! BOMBS AWAY, TECK!
UPSY-DAISY!
DIDN'T YOU GET RID OF THAT UNDERSIZED GANGSTER YET?
DON'T LOOK NOW, PROFESSOR, BUT.....
CRASH!
I-I LOST MY BALANCE AND SLIPPED!
MY ADVICE TO YOU, CHUMS, IS TO SLIP OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE PROFESSOR COMES TO!


MARCH BOOBOO OVER TO THE DANCING SCHOOL, AMIGOS, I WANT TO GET MY SAXOPHONE OUT OF THE JALOPY. MAYBE IT'LL CHEER US UP.
HMM, I GUESS THE GANG TOOK BOOBOO RIGHT INTO THE SCHOOL THIS TIME.
LOOK AT THAT--A MINUET!
NO WONDER BOOBOO WANTED TO SKIP THIS CORNY STUFF.
MINUETS ARE OBSOLETE, MISS PRIM. YOU GOTTA DIG THE SOLID JIVE.
REET-BOB HONK
THE VERY IDEA!!
SEND US WITH A SOLID NOTE, SAXIE!
...PLEASES ME. SEND ME A SOLID SOMETHING OR OTHER, TOO, MELINDA!
ATTA GAL, MISS PRIM!


HIYA, PROF., INK-FACE....
AHA, SO THIS IS WHERE SAXIE AND THE OTHERS DISAPPEARED TO? THEY'LL PAY FOR THIS INSUBORDINATION!
SAXIE SACKS, COME HERE!
W-WHO M-ME?
OH, DON'T BE SUCH A FUDDY-FUDDY-- PROF., COME ON, CUT A CARPET WITH ME!
ISN'T THIS FUN!
BEE BEE
HO! MAYBE I WAS TOO HARSH BEFORE!
WHEW! THE WAR IS OVER!
BOOBOO POURS THE INK AGAIN!
MISS PRIM WAS TELLING ME THAT YOU GET SOME WONDERFUL TONE VARIATIONS ON YOUR HORN, SAXIE!
YOU WANT TO TRY THE HORN, PROFESSOR?
HONK
THE PROFESSOR'S A TERRIFIC PLAYER.... I MEAN SPRAYER!
WHEN YOU INKED UP THE PROFESSOR, IT WAS FUNNY, ON ME, IT AIN'T FUNNY!
WAH-H-H
6

Puzzle Page

A B C D E F

CAN YOU SPELL TWO WORDS BY USING EACH OF THE ABOVE LETTERS ONLY ONCE?

1 _____

2 _____

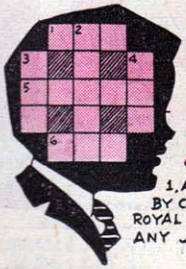
A drawing lesson for the children.

1



SEE HOW EASY YOU CAN DRAW MY PICTURE, STEP BY STEP.

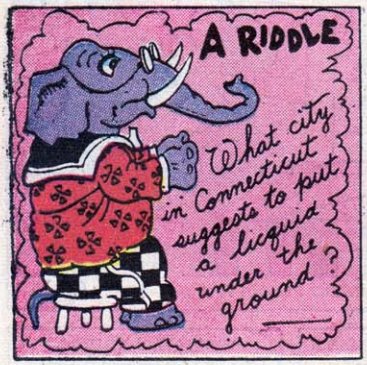
A JUNIOR CROSS WORD PUZZLE



ACROSS- 1, A GAME PLAYED BY CHILDREN; 5, A ROYAL HEADDRESS; 6, ANY JEWEL.

DOWN- 2, ALL BY ONESELF; 3, TO PERFORM; 4, INSECT.

A RIDDLE



What city in Connecticut suggests to put a liquid under the ground? ____

CUT OUT THESE EIGHT PIECES VERY CAREFULLY AND TRY TO FIT THEM ALL TOGETHER TO MAKE AN ENLARGED PICTURE OF THIS BIRD.



An Animal Hunt

FIND AN ANIMAL IN A FIXED ALLOWANCE. ANSWER → RATION

1. FIND AN ANIMAL IN A PERSON WHO LACKS COURAGE.
2. FIND AN ANIMAL IN A LARGE PLATFORM.
3. FIND AN ANIMAL IN A PUNGENT ROOT
4. FIND AN ANIMAL IN BULWARKS.
5. FIND AN ANIMAL IN A STRONG SCENTED HERB





REARRANGE ALL OF THE LETTERS ON THE SIGN TO FORM A FAMILIAR PHRASE.

TRANSPOSITIONS



TRANSPOSE A FEMININE NAME AND MAKE A MONTH; REARRANGE THE SAME LETTERS AGAIN AND MAKE AN EDIBLE ROOT.

WHY THREE BOYS TURNED CRIMINAL?

By
J. M. Master, U. S. Probation Officer
U. S. District Court, Southern District of N. Y.

(The views of the writer, as expressed in this article, do not necessarily represent those of the Judges of the U. S. District Court for the Southern District of N. Y.)

The stories of Jim, Abe, and Tony, which I am going to relate, are stories of three real boys. All three could be called "bad", because they broke the law. Of course, in these stories, the names and some of the facts are changed so you should not be able to know who Jim, Abe, and Tony are.

How did they get into trouble? Why did they become bad? What caused them to wind up in court? It would be easy to say that it was all because of Jim's parents and poor home. The simple answer in Abe's case could be that he wanted "easy money." As for Tony, we might decide that his friends were the cause of his trouble. All three answers are only partly right.

* * *

Jim's father, a truck driver, drank more liquor than he should. This brought about his loss of jobs and a growing lack of interest in his home and family. He reached the point of not caring whether the children had enough food, or clothes, or a home. He found fault and made life hard for his wife and children. Jim's mother was sickly and a poor housekeeper. She lacked the character to keep from nagging and whining over her hard life.

The home was dirty, disorderly, crowded, and far from being the sort that any boy would want to spend time in, or bring his friends to. There also were two younger sisters and three younger brothers, in poor health, ragged, dirty, and noisy. Home was a four room flat in the run-down West End. Jim didn't mind these things or even being poor, because he was used to all that from birth.

There were other things missing that he did mind, even though he never spoke of them. He wanted to be proud of his parents and his home. He missed being able to talk things over with his father, get his advice, and have him as a pal. Jim's mother was too tired, too sick, too busy with the younger children and the house to give Jim much time, or to help make life a bit more pleasant for him.

What could Jim do about these things? He found that by cutting up, even if it resulted in being punished, he could get his parents' attention. At school, this trick also worked with his teachers, whose classes were crowded and whose conditions of work were far from easy. When breaking the rules to get the interest and attention of the teachers began to wear off, Jim started truanting. As a result, he flunked subjects, became disliked, and built up a poor school record. Little wonder that he quit school as soon as he reached working age!

Jim didn't find job hunting, or working, much better. The jobs he could get, or hold, were dull, hard, and paying little. What he earned was taken from him by his parents. He thought he would be better off after leaving school, but now found that he was worse off. At the start he enjoyed spending his time, after work, with former schoolmates on the street corner. But working full time made him feel too grown up to hang around with school kids. He then drifted to the bar rooms and pool rooms. He tied in with some older boys, who seemed to be up against the same problem of getting away from their dull homes to places

where fun and freedom cost little.

Jim soon learned that his new friends thought it stupid to work and have their wages taken away at home. Jim wouldn't need to work if he followed their example in stealing and keeping what he got for himself. Of course, they didn't "wise him up" to the fact that crime does not pay.

Jim first helped his pals in some night breaks, receiving his split of the money taken from the store tills and secured by the sale of goods they stole. This money soon was not enough to meet his share of "good times", or to treat the other fellows. Jim next did a few jobs by himself, keeping all the money.

His pals did not like this. They felt he still was a member of their gang and should share everything. When Jim refused to do this, one of the gang tipped off the police. Jim was arrested. In court, he was found guilty. The number of Jim's crimes, his gang interests, and his very poor school and work records did him harm in court. The Judge felt that Jim needed the strict discipline and treatment which he would receive at the Reformatory.

* * *

Abe's parents were hard working, thrifty, immigrants from Eastern Europe. The father had a small tailor shop and gave the mother all his earnings. They loved their home of three rooms in a lower East Side tenement district. Abe was their only child. They catered to his every wish and felt that nothing was too good for him.

As Abe grew up, he felt that his parents didn't change, Abe did. He lost his respect for them and made more demands upon them. He became very selfish and insisted that everything had to be done his way.

At school, Abe looked upon the teachers in the same light that he did upon his parents. This led to a steady stream of trouble. His parents tried to shut out of mind the fear that their love was doing him harm. In school and in the neighborhood, Abe couldn't keep friends, because of his selfish demands and lack of ability to give and take.

Abe wouldn't remain in school a day longer than he had to, quitting as soon as he was old enough to go to work. He thought he was a man and didn't have to listen to his parents at all. Hoping that Abe would settle down after his fling at fun, his parents did not protest too strongly. In fact, they mistakenly felt proud that their "little Abie" sported flashy clothes, ran around with girls older than himself, and laughed at them when they started to lecture him, or warn him about getting into serious trouble.

Abe soon was beyond their control and they could do nothing with him. They had dreamt of making a professional man of Abe—a doctor, or a lawyer—but now it was too late. Abe was gambling, immoral with girls, and demanding more money than they could spare. By this time, Abe had found ways, other than honest work, to make money.

At first, Abe acted as a lookout, while his pals broke the law. He then found he could make more money by being a runner for gangsters. When he was arrested for carrying a gun, his youth and good home brought him his chance on probation. Abe, refusing to quit his easy way of living, didn't last long on probation. Returned to the Court as a violator, he was sentenced to a correctional institution.

* * *

Tony was born in the "Little Italy" section of the city. He was the third of six children of peasant Italian parents, who had come to the United States after marriage. They and Tony's older sisters petted and fussed over him. The parents were strict with his older sisters, but not with Tony. The father was a laborer, whose earnings were small. The neighborhood they lived in was not a good one, but the rent was cheap.

Tony was allowed to spend his time on the street after school hours. Tony had things easy. He didn't have to shine shoes, work as a delivery boy, or sell papers to earn money. Tony always had enough spending money and didn't have to count his pennies. Tony's father, who had a

hard life as a boy in Italy, wanted Tony to enjoy himself.

When Tony first began to run around with bad boys, his father scolded. Tony, however, paid little attention, since his father couldn't even read, write, or speak English. Tony felt that he was superior.

Tony and his street pals thought it foolish to work hard for a living.

They already had learned how to make money easily by rolling drunks at night. What could Tony's father tell him about how to live? Didn't Rocco, who ran the gambling joint down the block, have more money and live a lot better? Didn't "Slim", the bookie, make lots of money and have plenty of girl friends? Tony wanted more money, more good times, more girls.

When the chance was given Tony to deliver narcotics to addicts, he grabbed it. It paid well. He thought, what his parents didn't know wouldn't hurt them. His arrest by Federal Agents, while making a delivery, followed. Being a juvenile, he was not locked up, but released to his parents. The Court ordered a careful and thorough study to be made in Tony's case. The Judge sentenced Tony to the Training School for Boys, where he could learn how to be a really good American.

* * *

The stories of Jim, Abe and Tony show how they drifted into crime. Many things added up to their going bad, as they grew to be young men. They themselves also shared the blame for taking the easy way. The first steps along the road to crime seem harmless. The wise thing is not to make the first mistakes.

Do not get the idea that all boys who get into mischief, or start to go bad, wind up as failures.

In the next article of this series in Sparkling Stars we shall look into the lives of three other boys, who started wrong, but faced about and made a success.

THE END

Is Exercise Over-Rated?

Is it possible that millions of people have been taught to over-rate physical fitness? Any such idea would cause angry protests on the part of innumerable school boys and adults who worship sports.

Yet, a great authority recently declared, that there is no real evidence that unusual physical fitness imparts immunity or resistance to disease. This authority is Dr. Robert C. Darling, Associate Professor of Medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University.

In other words, he doubted that more than a moderate degree of physical fitness has anything to do with increasing one's health or prolonging one's life. While Prof. Darling agreed that a lot of physical training enables one to perform greater feats of strength, he added that not many people needed such greater strength in their usual work or play.

It is a curious fact that quite a few famous athletes have not enjoyed consistent good health, and many athletes have not lived as long as average persons.

The famous President of Harvard University, Charles W. Eliot, who was very active all of his life and who attained the age of 92, was once asked to what he attributed his long life. He replied, "I never ran when I could walk; I never walked when I could stand; and I never stood when I could sit down."

Chauncey M. Depew, railroad president and famous after-dinner speaker, was once asked what form of exercise he took. His reply was: "Acting as active pall bearer for my dead friends who used to exercise all the time." Mr. Depew lived till he was 94 years of age.

No doubt the remarks of famous men regarding physical exercise will hardly influence the millions who believe in the great benefits of physical fitness, but such remarks may provide a little food for thought or fuel for controversy.

THE END


UNCLE BUNKLE IN
ADVENTURES ON "STRANGE ISLAND"
WELL, SIR, AFTER I RESCUED SINGLE HANDED THE WHALE CREW OF MY SHIP--
GOSH, UNCLE BUNKLE, AND THEN WHAT HAPPENED?
BUNKLE! TIME TO TAKE YOUR LIVER PILLS AND YOUR BACK-ACHE MEDICINE!
WINKY AND GULLY HAVE PERSUADED THEIR UNKLE BUNKLE TO TELL THEM ANOTHER THRILLING TALE OF HIS HEROIC, ADVENTUROUS YOUTH.
WELL, GULLY AND WINKY, IF YOU INSIST, I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME I SAVED THE U.S.A. FROM THRALLDOM!
GOSH! WHAT'S A THRALLDOM, UNCLE BUNKLE?
THRALLDOM, GULLY, IS SLAVERY. THE ANIMALS WANTED TO MAKE US HUMANS THEIR SLAVES.
THE ANIMALS?


YES-SIR, THE ANIMALS, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOUR UNCLE BUNKLE, THERE MIGHT'VE BEEN A WOODCHUCK IN THE WHITE HOUSE TODAY INSTEAD OF A GREAT STATESMAN... WELL-SIR, IT ALL BEGAN IN THE YEAR 1865.
I WAS SKIPPER OF A WHALING SHIP OUT OF NEW BEDFORD, AND A TYPHOON--SPAWNED NOR'EASTER HAD BLOWN US WAY OFF OUR COURSE...
AND IT WAS MY COOL HEAD IN THE FACE OF THE GREAT DANGER THAT SAVED THE S.S. BETTY GRABLE FROM CAPSIZING...
FATTEN DOWN THE BATCHES, MATES--I MEAN, BATTEN DOWN THE HATCHES, MATES!
WELL, MAKE UP YOUR MIND.
SOMEHOW, THOUGH IN SPITE OF MY STERLING SEAMANSHIP, THE WAVES FINALLY HUNG US UP ON A TREACHEROUS CORAL REEF.
FATTEN DOWN...I MEAN BATTEN DOWN THE HATCHES, LAD.
WE ALREADY DID THAT SIX TIMES.
AND THERE WE WERE STRANDED ON THE MYSTERIOUS TROPICAL ISLAND OF BETTY BALU.
HEY, THIS IS OKAY.
S.S. BETTY GRABLE
WE AIN'T IN ANY HURRY, CAP'N.
I WILL LOCATE THE RULER OF THE ISLAND AND HAVE HIM CHART US A SAFE COURSE THROUGH THE REEFS.
BUT AS WE WORKED OUR WAY INLAND, WE WERE DESTINED TO WITNESS A VERY STRANGE SIGHT...
WHAT TH..?
HUH?
WELL!
2.


AND AS WE CREPT CLOSER...
WALK ALONG NICE NOW, YOUNG MAN. DON'T PULL ON THE LEASH.
I WANT ANOTHER PUPPY BISCUIT!
A (GULP) TALKING LION! LET ME OUT OF HERE!
WELL!
MY CREW PANICKED AND RAN, BUT I, WHO NEVER KNEW THE MEANING OF FEAR, STEPPED BOLDLY FORWARD...
I SAY, MY GOOD MAN.. I MEAN MY GOOD LION-- YOU CAN'T MAKE A PET OF A HUMAN BEING LIKE THAT!
OH, I CAN'T EH?
HEY, GANG! HERE'S ANOTHER CANDIDATE FOR THE FIFTH RACE THIS AFTERNOON!
OH, FINE CHIEF.
WELL!
THE ANIMALS IN THE GRANDSTAND WATCH THE MONKEYS RIDING BUNKLE AND THE MEN RACING AGAINST HIM.
YAY!
I'LL LASH YOU, BUNKLE, IF YOU DON'T SPEED UP!
PROGRAM
WE WIN! VERY NICE! VERY NICE GOING!
PANT! PANT!
AND NEXT DAY...
BOY, ARE YOU LUCKY BECAUSE YOU WON THE BIG RACE YESTERDAY! THE CHIEF IS GOING TO MAKE YOU HIS FAVORITE PET.
IS THAT GOOD?
BEAR BALBOA
LANCLOT LION
3

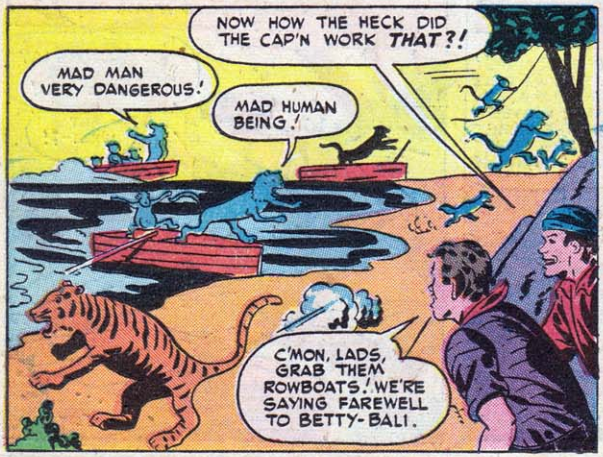

SO YESTERDAY I WAS A RACE HORSE AND TODAY I'LL BE A DOG, IS THAT IT?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, A "HORSE" AND A "DOG"? YOU'RE JUST A HUMAN BEING, YESTERDAY, TODAY, EVERYDAY... BUT HERE WE ARE.
RACING SHEET
HUMAN BEING CRACKERS
THIS IS THE HUMAN BEING I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT, MURGATROYD. "SHEP" I'VE DECIDED TO CALL HIM.
OH, YES, CAN HE DO ANY TRICKS?
I'LL SEE... PLAY DEAD, SHEP!
HE SHOULD AT LEAST BE ABLE TO PLAY DEAD.
LOOK! I'M A SEA CAPTAIN AND I DON'T...
LATER...
NOW, WE'LL SEE WHAT KIND OF A HUNTING HUMAN BEING YOU ARE.
ONE OF THE BOYS SAYS HE SPOTTED A BIG NEW COVEY OF HUMAN BEINGS DOWN NEAR THE SHORE.
FINE! WE'RE LUCKY THERE'S AN OPEN SEASON ON HUMAN BEINGS THIS YEAR.


THERE THEY ARE!
BOY, TONIGHT WE'LL HAVE PIE MADE OF MAN MEAT!
CRIPES!
WELL-SIR, WHEN I FOUND OUT THAT THE "BIG NEW COVEY" WAS MY CREW, AND I WAS SUPPOSED TO "FLUSH THEM OUT" I DECIDED THIS CRAZY GAME HAD GONE FAR ENOUGH.
GET GOING! AFTER THEM!
LOOK, MASTER..
I REBEL!
DOWN SHEP!
POW!
DOWN YOURSELF!
WELL-SIR, MY REBELLION STARTED A RIOT, ALL RIGHT, AND BY NIGHTFALL EVERY ANIMAL ON THAT ISLAND WAS SEARCHING FOR ME AND MY CREW...
BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE! OR BETTER DEAD!
LAY LOW, LADS!

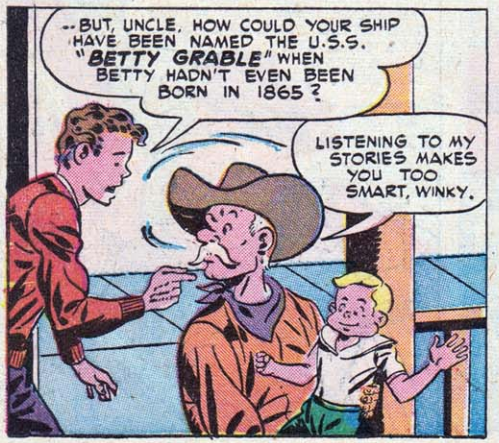

A FEW OF THE ANIMALS, THOUGH, RESUMED THEIR DAILY ROUTINES THE NEXT DAY...
OKAY, NOW I'LL TOSS IN A LIVE MAN AND WE'LL BET ON WHETHER YOU SHARKS CAN DIVE AND FIND IT.
CRIPES, CAP'N, LOOKIT!
OKAY!
AND LATER, AS WE CREPT INLAND...
GIDDY-AP!
WHEN WE FINALLY GOT BACK TO OUR SHIP, WE FOUND THE ANIMALS BOSSING IT!
I FOUND THEIR MAPS! WE WILL SAIL AT ONCE, INVADE THE U.S.A. AND MAKE SLAVES OF MEN THE SAME WAY HUMANS USED TO MAKE OF ANIMALS.
DID YOU HEAR THAT, CAP'N?
YOUR UNCLE BUNKLE HEARD IT ALL RIGHT-- AND ACTED ON IT!
YOU SAILORS LAY LOW UNTIL I SIGNAL YOU!
BUT WHAT..?!
LUCKY I HAPPENED TO HAVE A CAKE OF SOAP IN MY POCKET.
--BECAUSE IF MY IDEA WORKS, THIS LITTLE CAKE OF SOAP WILL SAVE THE U.S.A. FROM INVASION.
6

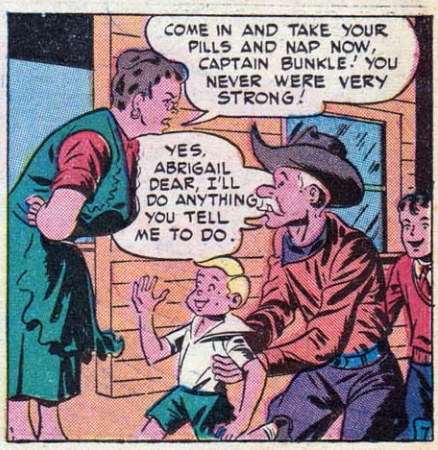

WELL-SIR, I BIT OFF A PIECE OF THAT SOAP, AND CHEWED IT UP GOOD... AND THEN!
HUH?!
GLUB!


MAD HUMAN BEING! HE'S FROTHING AT THE MOUTH!

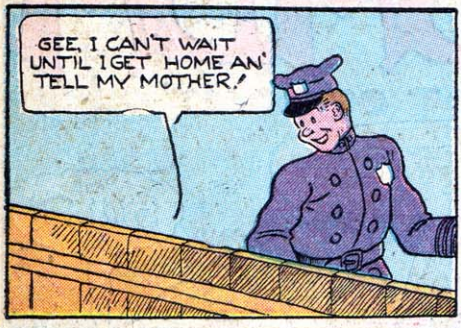

NOW HOW THE HECK DID THE CAP'N WORK THAT?!
MAD MAN VERY DANGEROUS!
MAD HUMAN BEING!
C'MON, LADS, GRAB THEM ROWBOATS! WE'RE SAYING FAREWELL TO BETTY-BALI.


AND THREE WEEKS LATER WE DOCKED BACK IN NEW BEDFORD!
GOLLY, WINKY, WHAT A HERO UNCLE WE GOT.


--BUT, UNCLE, HOW COULD YOUR SHIP HAVE BEEN NAMED THE U.S.S. "BETTY GRABLE" WHEN BETTY HADN'T EVEN BEEN BORN IN 1865?
LISTENING TO MY STORIES MAKES YOU TOO SMART, WINKY.


COME IN AND TAKE YOUR PILLS AND NAP NOW, CAPTAIN BUNKLE! YOU NEVER WERE VERY STRONG!
YES, ABRIGAIL DEAR, I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU TELL ME TO DO.

CHUCK


GEE, I CAN'T WAIT UNTIL I GET HOME AN' TELL MY MOTHER!

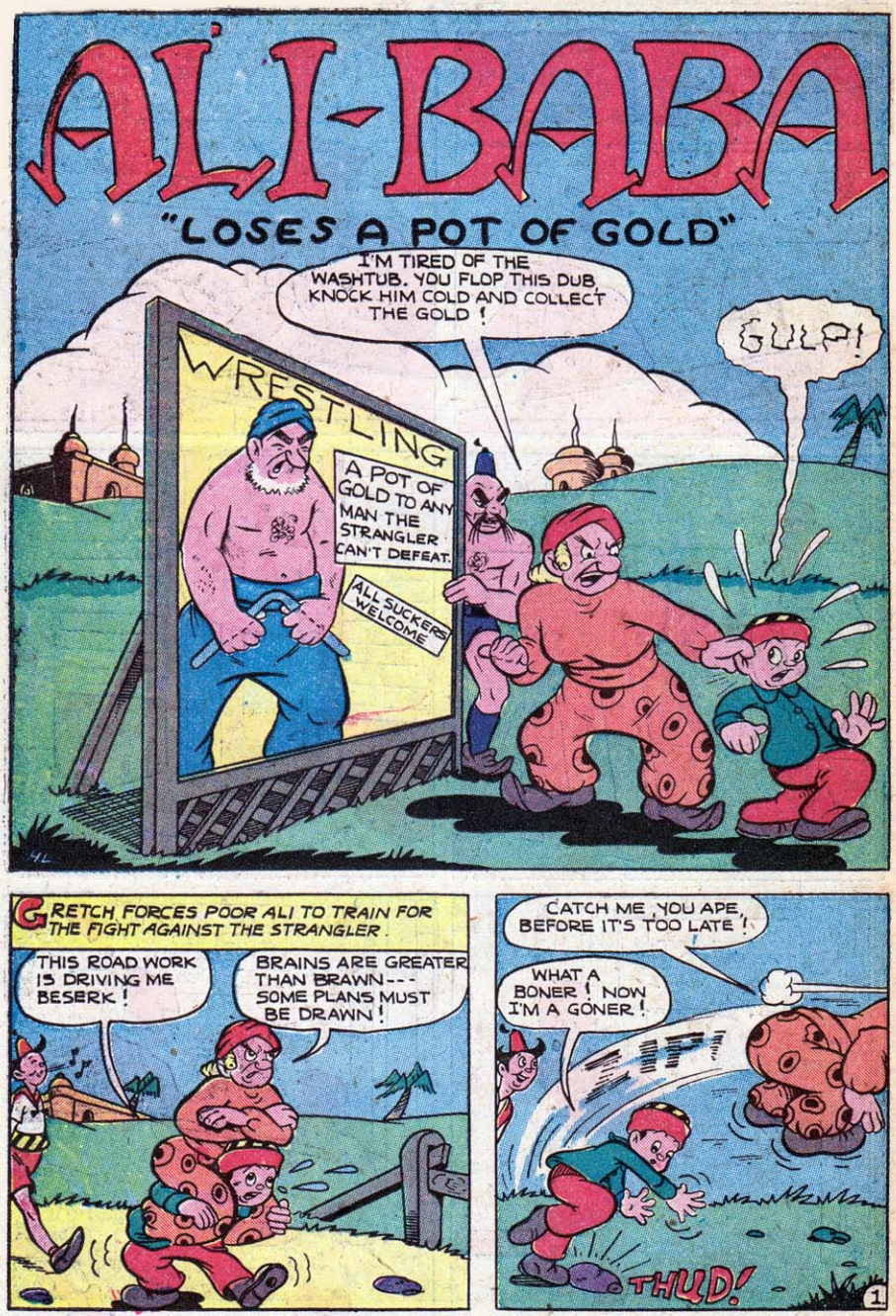

YESSIR, CHUCK—SHE SHOULD BE REAL PROUD OF YOU!

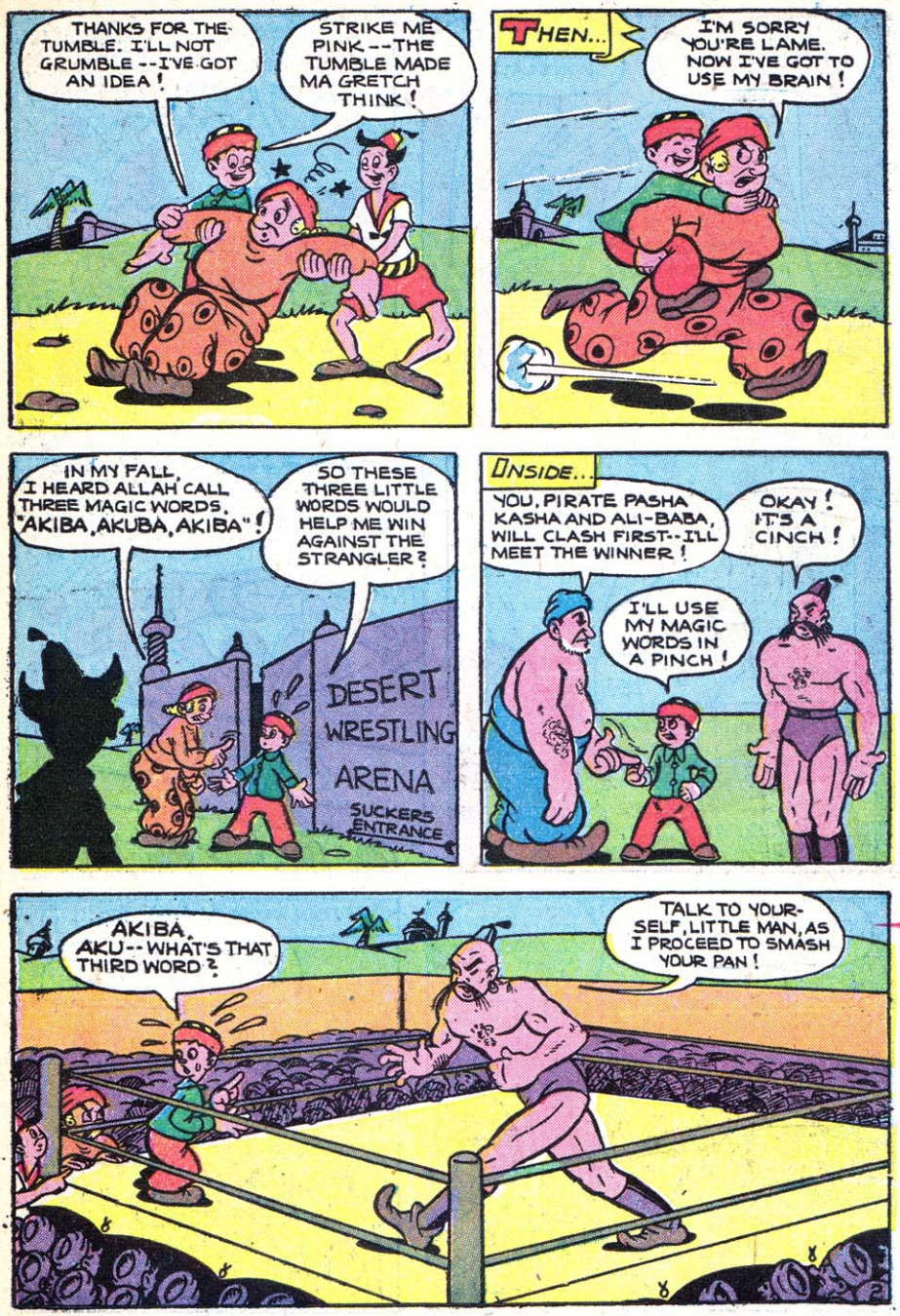

DON'T YOU WISH YOU WERE ME NOW, MR. LANDON?

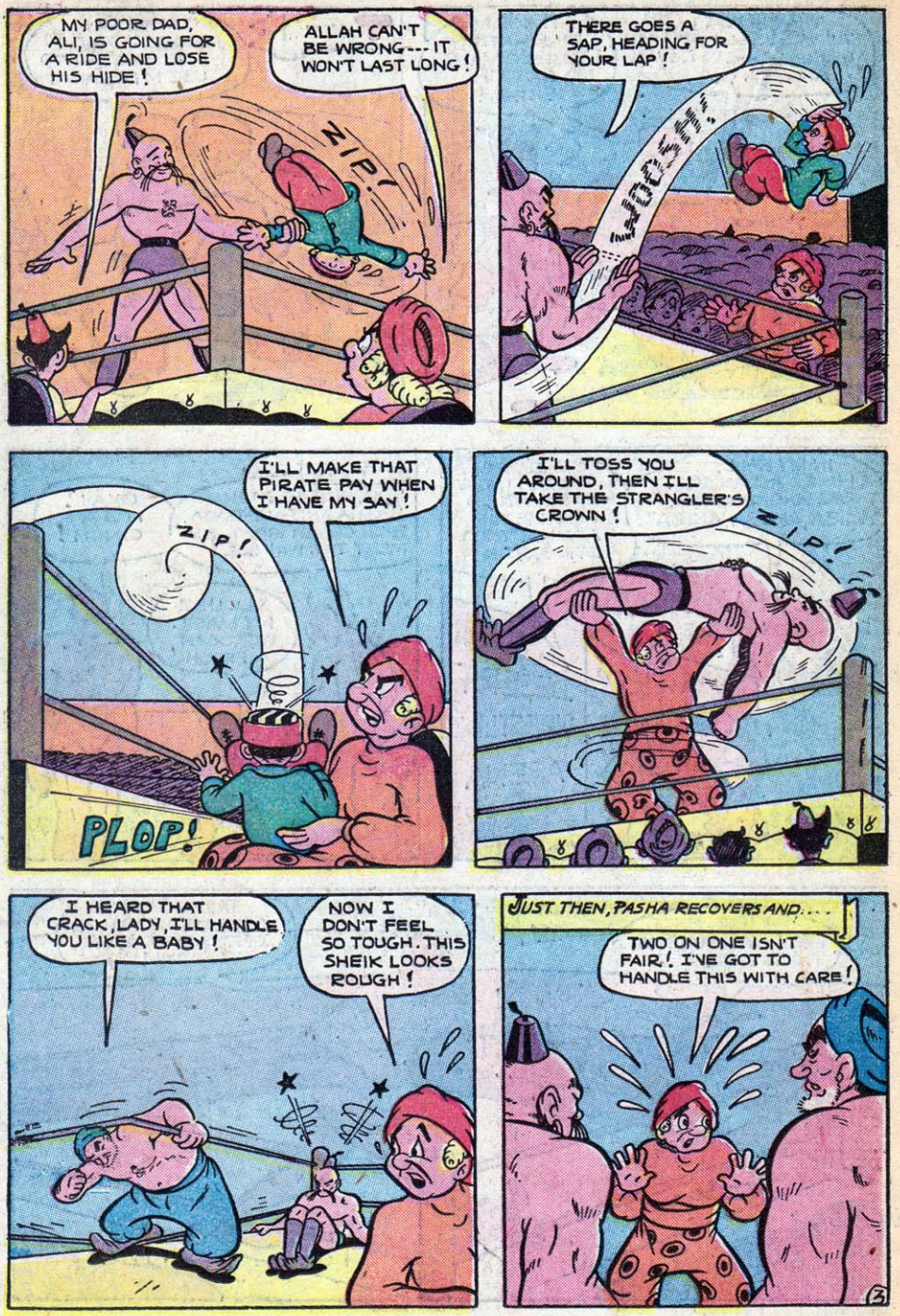

OH MA!

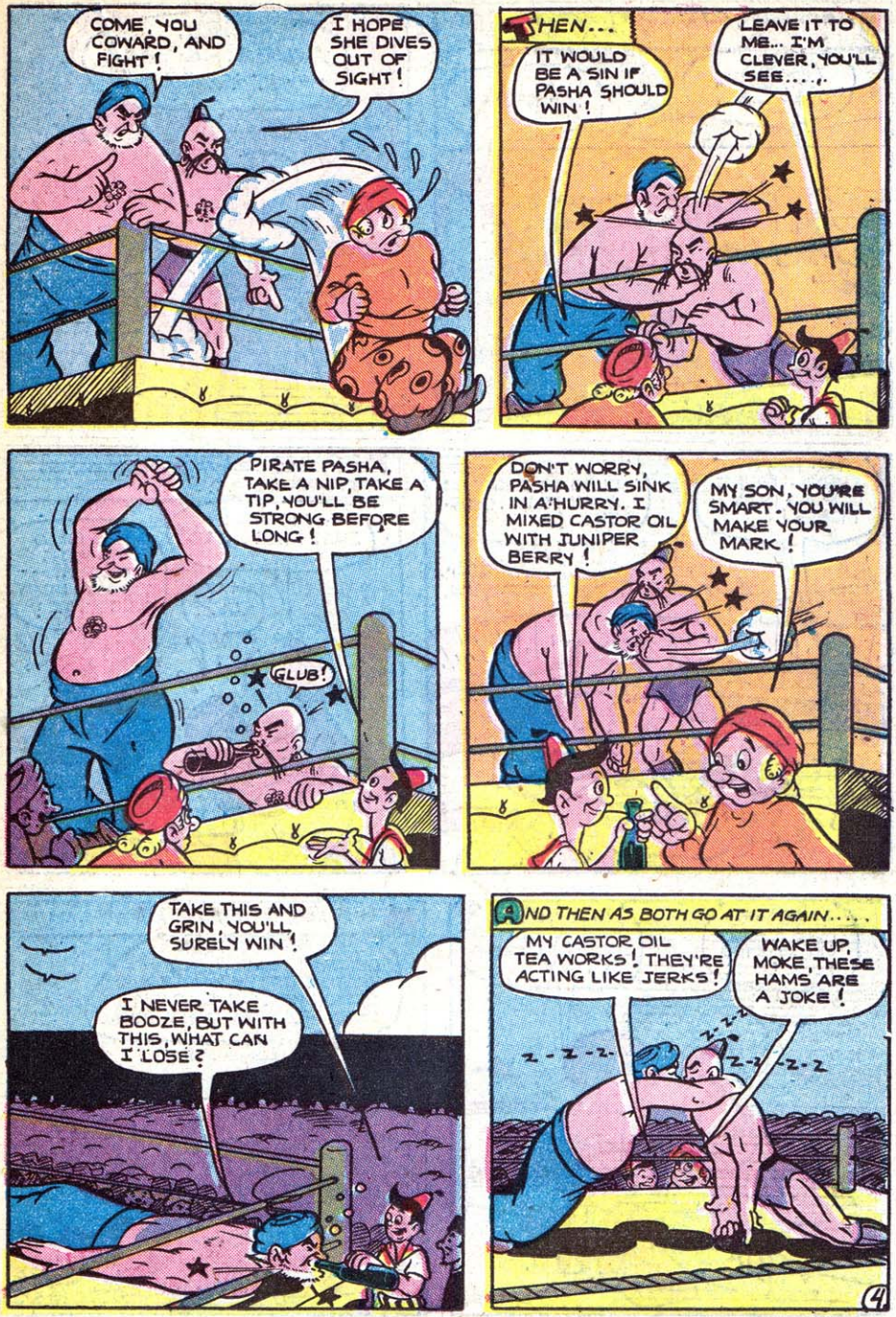

I'VE GOT GOOD NEWS FOR YOU!

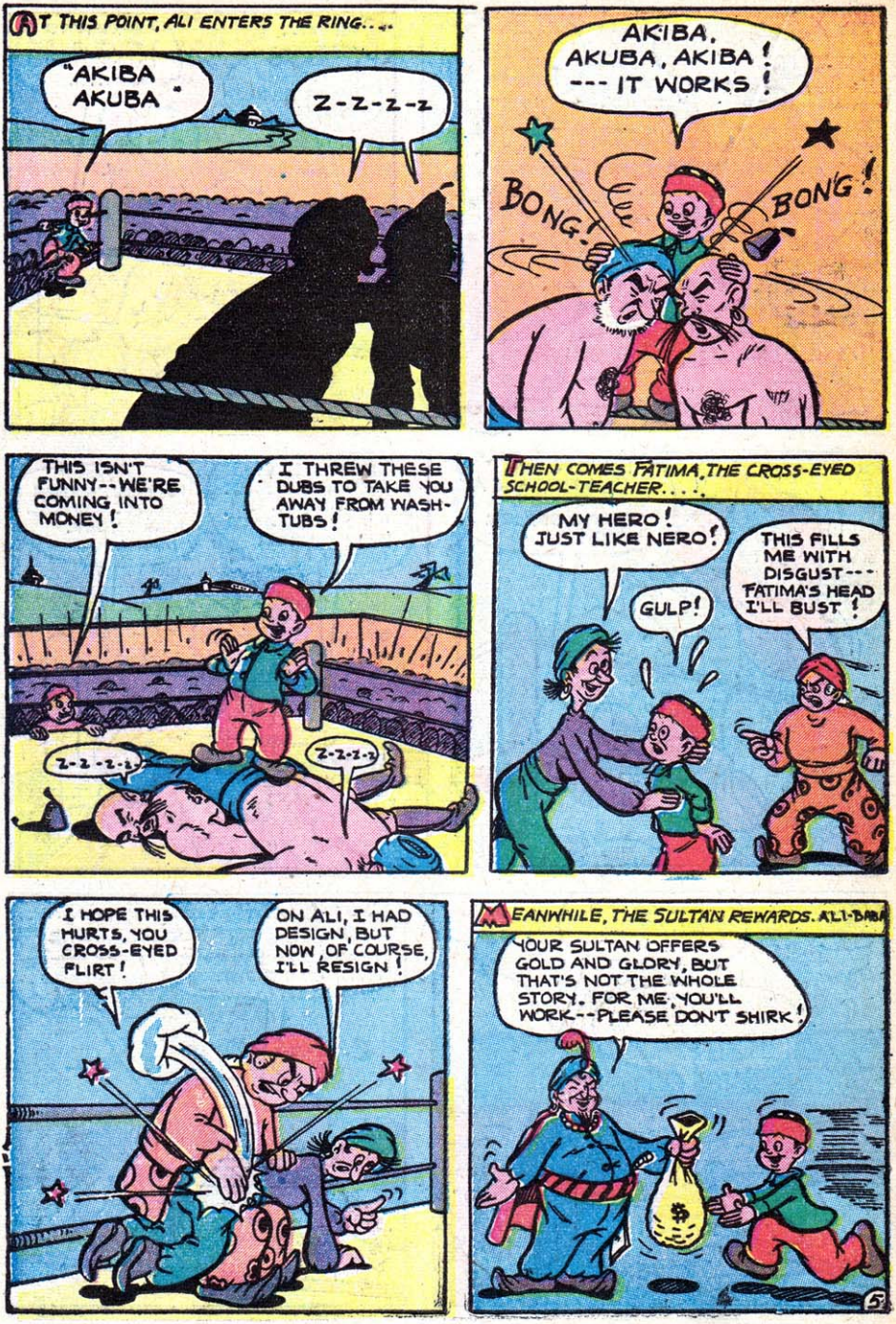

I'M TH' CHAMPION TACKLER ON OUR FOOTBALL TEAM

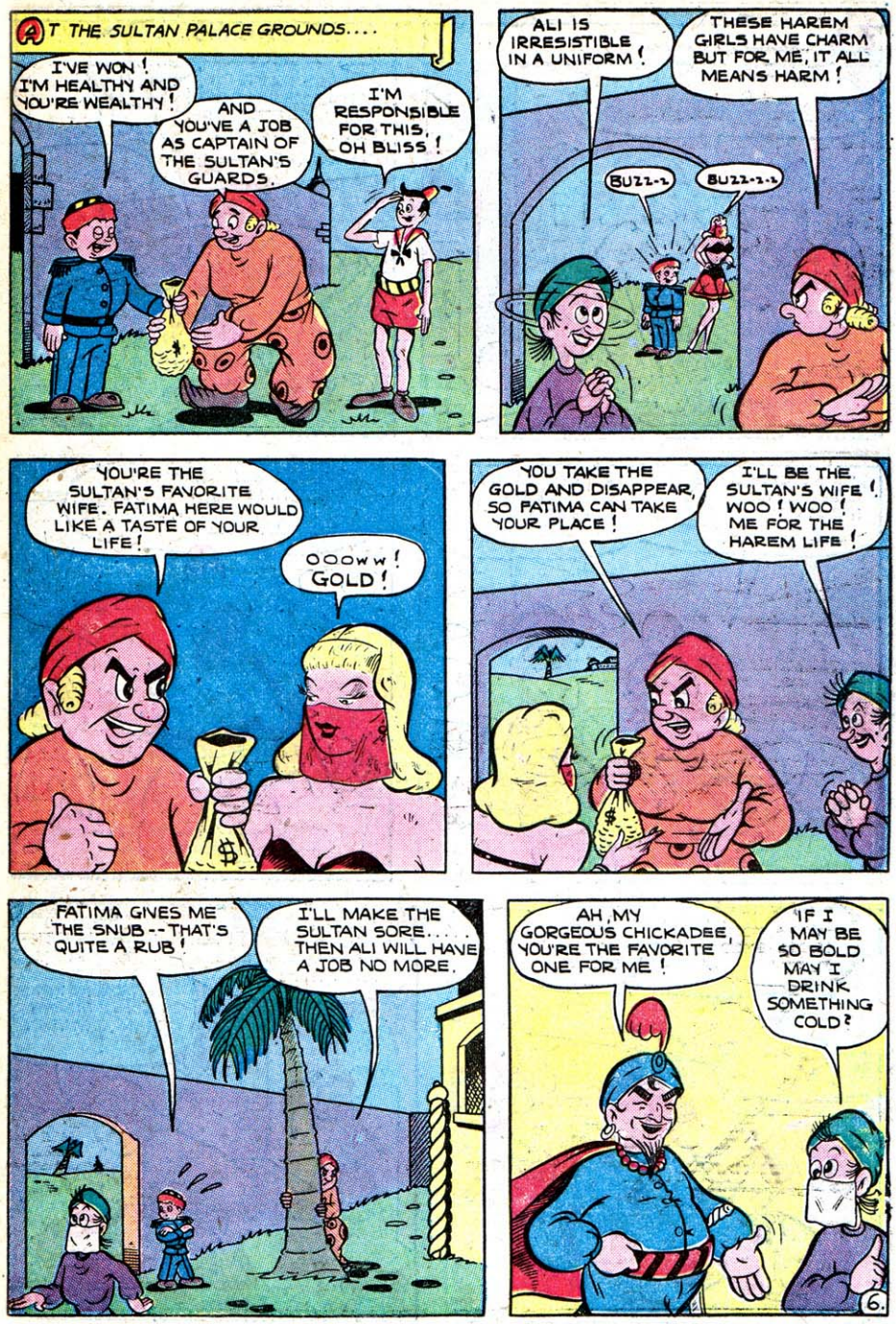

ALI-BABA
"LOSES A POT OF GOLD"
I'M TIRED OF THE WASHTUB. YOU FLOP THIS DUB, KNOCK HIM COLD AND COLLECT THE GOLD !
GULP!
WRESTLING
A POT OF GOLD TO ANY MAN THE STRANGLER CAN'T DEFEAT.
ALL SUCKERS WELCOME
GRETCH FORCES POOR ALI TO TRAIN FOR THE FIGHT AGAINST THE STRANGLER.
THIS ROAD WORK IS DRIVING ME BESERK !
BRAINS ARE GREATER THAN BRAWN--- SOME PLANS MUST BE DRAWN !
CATCH ME, YOU APE, BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE !
WHAT A BONER ! NOW I'M A GONER !
THUD!
1


THANKS FOR THE TUMBLE. I'LL NOT GRUMBLE --I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
STRIKE ME PINK --THE TUMBLE MADE MA GRETCH THINK!
THEN...
I'M SORRY YOU'RE LAME. NOW I'VE GOT TO USE MY BRAIN!
IN MY FALL, I HEARD ALLAH CALL THREE MAGIC WORDS, "AKIBA, AKUBA, AKIBA"!
SO THESE THREE LITTLE WORDS WOULD HELP ME WIN AGAINST THE STRANGLER?
DESERT WRESTLING ARENA
SUCKERS ENTRANCE
INSIDE..
YOU, PIRATE PASHA KASHA AND ALI-BABA, WILL CLASH FIRST--I'LL MEET THE WINNER!
OKAY! IT'S A CINCH!
I'LL USE MY MAGIC WORDS IN A PINCH!
AKIBA, AKU--WHAT'S THAT THIRD WORD?
TALK TO YOURSELF, LITTLE MAN, AS I PROCEED TO SMASH YOUR PAN!


MY POOR DAD, ALI, IS GOING FOR A RIDE AND LOSE HIS HIDE!
ALLAH CAN'T BE WRONG--- IT WON'T LAST LONG!
ZIP!
THERE GOES A SAP, HEADING FOR YOUR LAP!
WHEE!
I'LL MAKE THAT PIRATE PAY WHEN I HAVE MY SAY!
ZIP!
PLOP!
I'LL TOSS YOU AROUND, THEN I'LL TAKE THE STRANGLER'S CROWN!
ZIP!
I HEARD THAT CRACK, LADY, I'LL HANDLE YOU LIKE A BABY!
NOW I DON'T FEEL SO TOUGH. THIS SHEIK LOOKS ROUGH!
JUST THEN, PASHA RECOVERS AND....
TWO ON ONE ISN'T FAIR! I'VE GOT TO HANDLE THIS WITH CARE!
13


COME, YOU COWARD, AND FIGHT!
I HOPE SHE DIVES OUT OF SIGHT!
THEN...
IT WOULD BE A SIN IF PASHA SHOULD WIN!
LEAVE IT TO ME... I'M CLEVER, YOU'LL SEE....
PIRATE PASHA, TAKE A NIP, TAKE A TIP, YOU'LL BE STRONG BEFORE LONG!
GLUB!
DON'T WORRY, PASHA WILL SINK IN A HURRY. I MIXED CASTOR OIL WITH JUNIPER BERRY!
MY SON, YOU'RE SMART. YOU WILL MAKE YOUR MARK!
TAKE THIS AND GRIN, YOU'LL SURELY WIN!
I NEVER TAKE BOOZE, BUT WITH THIS, WHAT CAN I LOSE?
AND THEN AS BOTH GO AT IT AGAIN....
MY CASTOR OIL TEA WORKS! THEY'RE ACTING LIKE JERKS!
WAKE UP, MOKE, THESE HAMS ARE A JOKE!
Z-Z-Z-
Z-Z-Z
Z-Z-Z
4


AT THIS POINT, ALI ENTERS THE RING....
"AKIBA AKUBA"
Z-Z-Z-Z
AKIBA, AKUBA, AKIBA! --- IT WORKS!
BONG!
BONG!
THIS ISN'T FUNNY--WE'RE COMING INTO MONEY!
I THREW THESE DUBS TO TAKE YOU AWAY FROM WASH-TUBS!
Z-Z-Z-Z
Z-Z-Z-Z
THEN COMES FATIMA, THE CROSS-EYED SCHOOL-TEACHER....
MY HERO! JUST LIKE NERO!
GULP!
THIS FILLS ME WITH DISGUST--- FATIMA'S HEAD I'LL BUST!
I HOPE THIS HURTS, YOU CROSS-EYED FLIRT!
ON ALI, I HAD DESIGN, BUT NOW, OF COURSE, I'LL RESIGN!
MEANWHILE, THE SULTAN REWARDS ALI-BABA
YOUR SULTAN OFFERS GOLD AND GLORY, BUT THAT'S NOT THE WHOLE STORY. FOR ME, YOU'LL WORK--PLEASE DON'T SHIRK!
$
5


AT THE SULTAN PALACE GROUNDS....
I'VE WON! I'M HEALTHY AND YOU'RE WEALTHY!
AND YOU'VE A JOB AS CAPTAIN OF THE SULTAN'S GUARDS.
I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS, OH BLISS!
ALI IS IRRESISTIBLE IN A UNIFORM!
THESE HAREM GIRLS HAVE CHARM BUT FOR ME, IT ALL MEANS HARM!
BUZZ-Z
BUZZ-Z-Z
YOU'RE THE SULTAN'S FAVORITE WIFE. FATIMA HERE WOULD LIKE A TASTE OF YOUR LIFE!
OOOWW! GOLD!
YOU TAKE THE GOLD AND DISAPPEAR, SO FATIMA CAN TAKE YOUR PLACE!
I'LL BE THE SULTAN'S WIFE! WOO! WOO! ME FOR THE HAREM LIFE!
FATIMA GIVES ME THE SNUB -- THAT'S QUITE A RUB!
I'LL MAKE THE SULTAN SORE... THEN ALI WILL HAVE A JOB NO MORE.
AH, MY GORGEOUS CHICKADEE, YOU'RE THE FAVORITE ONE FOR ME!
IF I MAY BE SO BOLD MAY I DRINK SOMETHING COLD?
6.


MEANWHILE, IN THE SULTAN'S KITCHEN.....
A LITTLE GARLIC NOW AND THEN IS NEVER RELISHED BY ROMANTIC MEN.
AND AS ALI RESTS AT HIS POST..
THIS ISN'T PERFUME, MY DEAR! YOU'LL SMELL, BUT NOT NICE, I FEAR!
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z
H I S S !
FAVORITE WIFE, I CANNOT GLOAT-- TO ME, YOU SMELL JUST LIKE A GOAT!
OH SULTAN, YOU'RE SO CRUEL, I THINK I SMELL LIKE A MULE!
SNIFF! SNIFF!
THIS UGLY WOMAN IS NOT MY WIFE, AND YOU, CAPTAIN ALI-BABA, YOU BOTH SMELL ALIKE!
SNIFF! SNIFF!
SCRAM, YOU MISERABLE WRECKS, BEFORE I CUT OFF BOTH YOUR NECKS!
BACK HOME....
FAME IS FLEETING, I'M A FLOP! BACK TO DITCH-DIGGING, I MUST HOP!
I HAVE TO TAKE IN WASHING AGAIN FOR I GAVE UP GOLD, BUT I'M NOT SAD, ALI IS STILL MY MAN, I'M VERY GLAD!
THE End..
7.

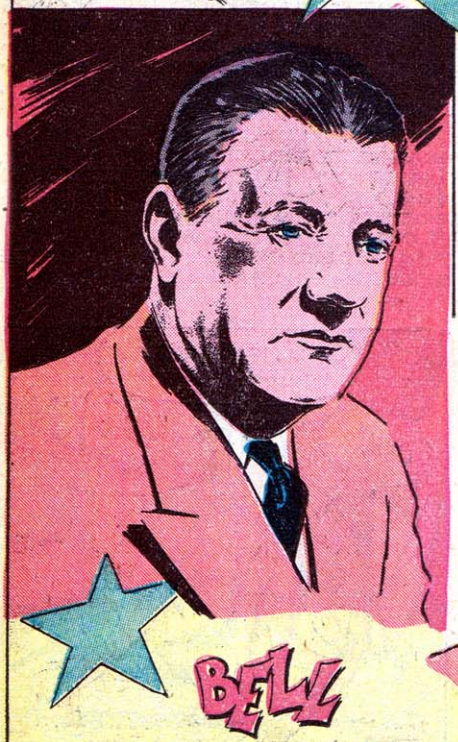
UNUSUAL SPORTS STARS

At the age of 56, Maurice Podoloff, who has been associated with sports promotions for several decades, is the guiding genius behind two of the fastest sports - - hockey and basketball. Podoloff is the President of both the American Hockey Association and the new Basketball Association of America.

The plump sportsman built the New Haven arena and brought the first pro hockey team to that city. Shortly thereafter, he was elected president of the Canadian-American League.

When pro basketball began to become popular and a new league was formed, he was the unanimous choice for the top spot in the organization.





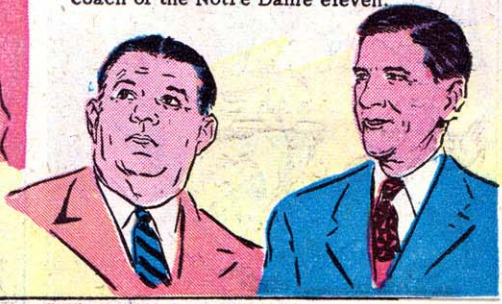
The new commissioner of Pro Football, BERT BELL, has devoted more than 30 of his 52 years to the sport.

Interrupted by a soldiering stint in World War I, Bell returned to his quarter-back post at Penn to confuse opponents and thrill the nation with the hidden ball offensive.

The 145-pound back turned to a coaching career after graduation, first at Penn and later at Temple.

In 1932, Bell became owner of the Philadelphia Eagles and 13 years later was the unanimous choice for the commissioner's job.

Mr. Bell is drawn here with ELMER LAYDEN, the former commissioner and coach of the Notre Dame eleven.



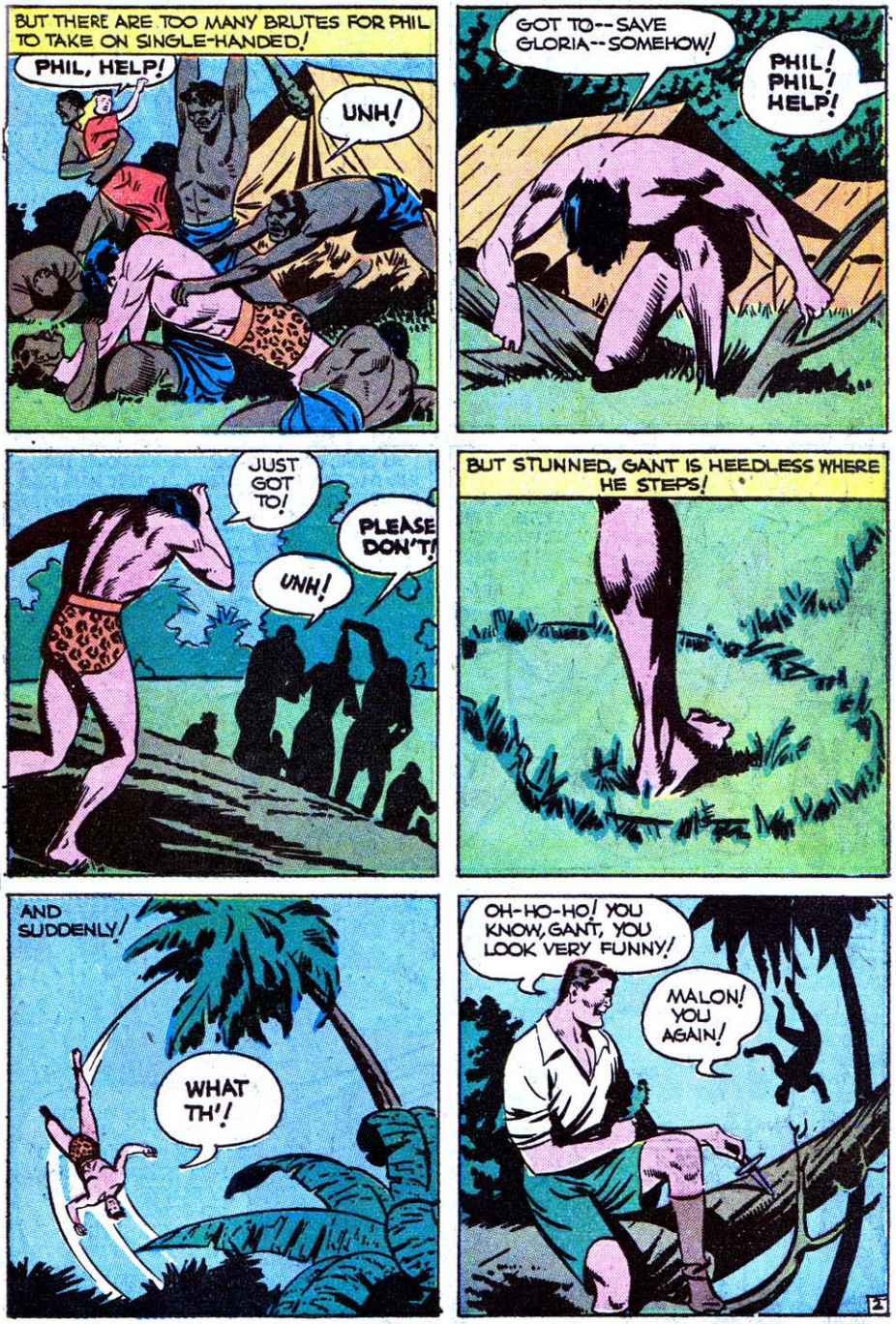


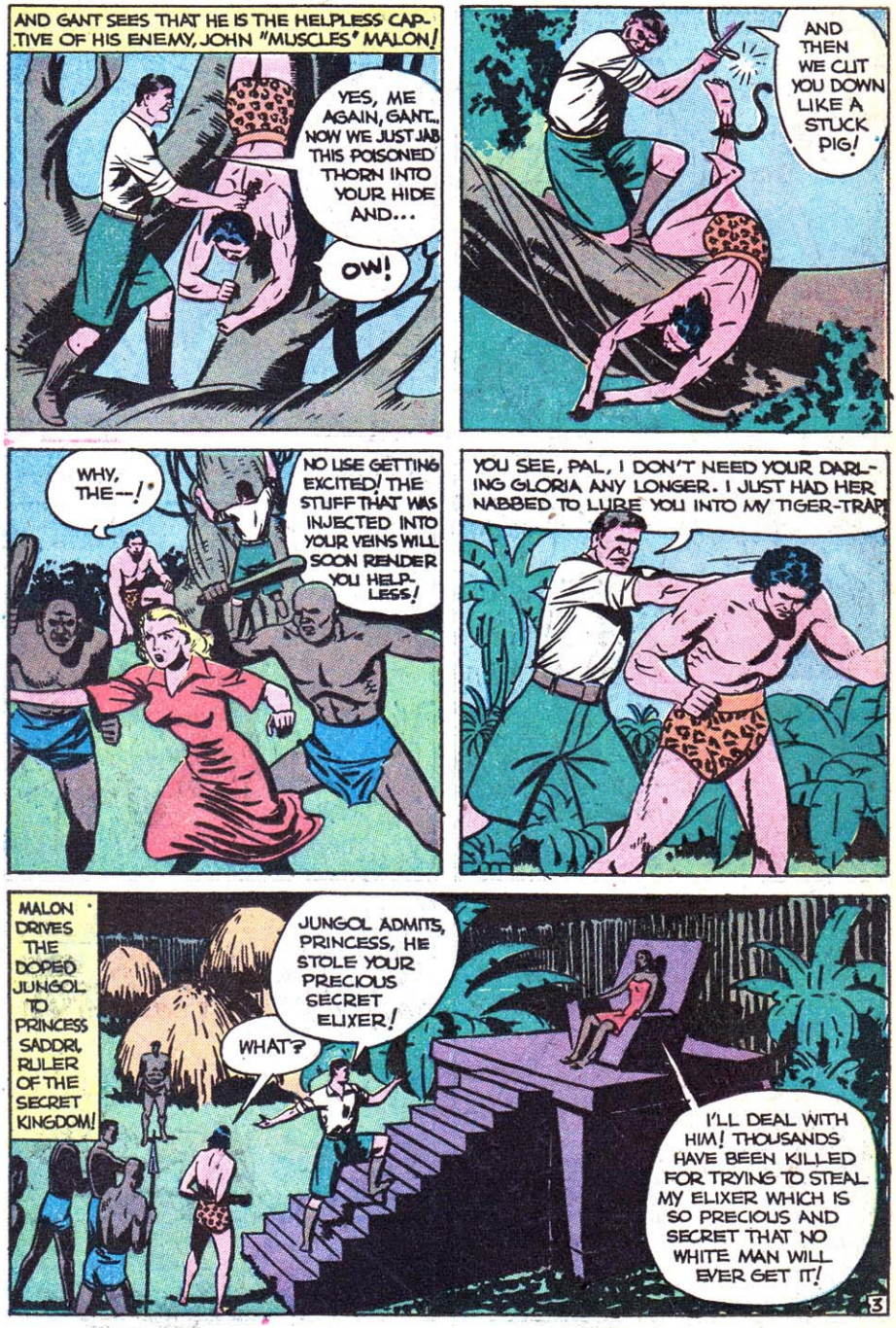
OUT OF THE BROODING FASTNESSES OF THE JUNGLE, TWO SCHEMERS GLOAT CRUELLY. ONE IS JOHN "MUSCLES" MALON, FORMER STAND-IN FOR PHIL GANT, POPULAR STAR OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS "**JUNGOL**" MOVIES. MALON COVETS GANT'S PROFITABLE MOVIE ROLE AND ALSO GANT'S LOVELY FIANCEE, GLORIA DEAN. THE OTHER SCHEMER IS PRINCESS SADDRI, RUTHLESS YET BEAUTIFUL RULER OF A SAVAGE JUNGLE KINGDOM.

BOTH MALON AND PRINCESS SADDRI KNOW GANT'S TERRIBLE SECRET—THAT WHILE ON LOCATION FOR A "JUNGOL" MOVIE, GANT FOUGHT A LONG AND BLOODY BATTLE WITH A MAN-EATING GORILLA. AND THAT EVER SINCE, THE SIGHT AND SMELL OF HIS OWN SPILLED BLOOD HAS THREATENED TO TURN GANT INTO A REAL-LIFE JUNGOL, WITH THE SUPER STRENGTH OF A SAVAGE MAN-BEAST!






BUT THERE ARE TOO MANY BRUTES FOR PHIL TO TAKE ON SINGLE-HANDED!
PHIL, HELP!
UNH!
GOT TO--SAVE GLORIA--SOMEHOW!
PHIL! PHIL! HELP!
JUST GOT TO!
PLEASE DON'T!
UNH!
BUT STUNNED, GANT IS HEEDLESS WHERE HE STEPS!
AND SUDDENLY!
WHAT TH'!
OH-HO-HO! YOU KNOW, GANT, YOU LOOK VERY FUNNY!
MALON! YOU AGAIN!

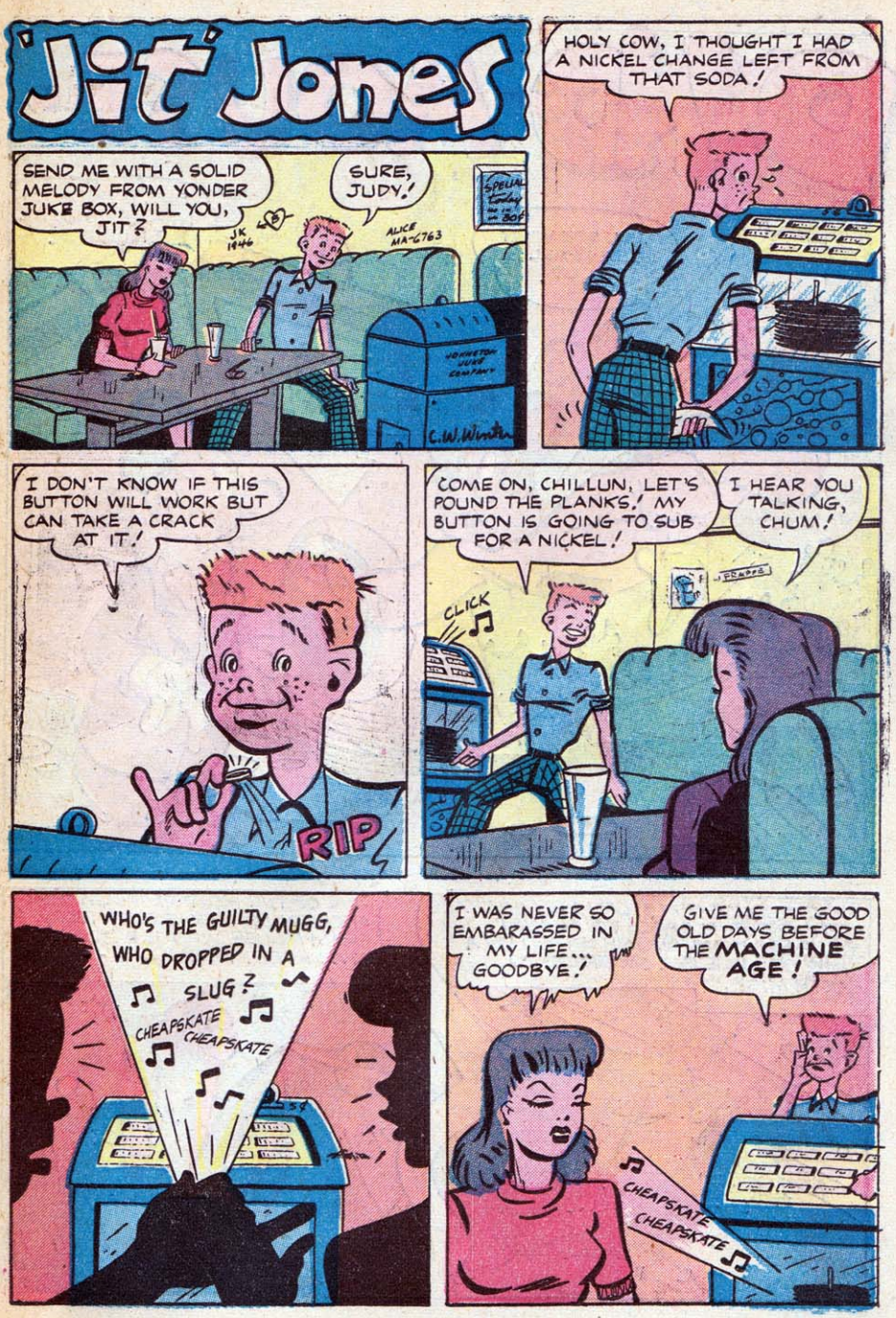

AND GANT SEES THAT HE IS THE HELPLESS CAPTIVE OF HIS ENEMY, JOHN "MUSCLES" MALON!
YES, ME AGAIN, GANT.. NOW WE JUST JAB THIS POISONED THORN INTO YOUR HIDE AND...
OW!
AND THEN WE CUT YOU DOWN LIKE A STUCK PIG!
WHY, THE--!
NO USE GETTING EXCITED! THE STUFF THAT WAS INJECTED INTO YOUR VEINS WILL SOON RENDER YOU HELPLESS!
YOU SEE, PAL, I DON'T NEED YOUR DARLING GLORIA ANY LONGER. I JUST HAD HER NABBED TO LURE YOU INTO MY TIGER-TRAP!
MALON DRIVES THE DOPED JUNGOL TO PRINCESS SADDRI, RULER OF THE SECRET KINGDOM!
JUNGOL ADMITS, PRINCESS, HE STOLE YOUR PRECIOUS SECRET ELIXER!
WHAT?
I'LL DEAL WITH HIM! THOUSANDS HAVE BEEN KILLED FOR TRYING TO STEAL MY ELIXER WHICH IS SO PRECIOUS AND SECRET THAT NO WHITE MAN WILL EVER GET IT!
3

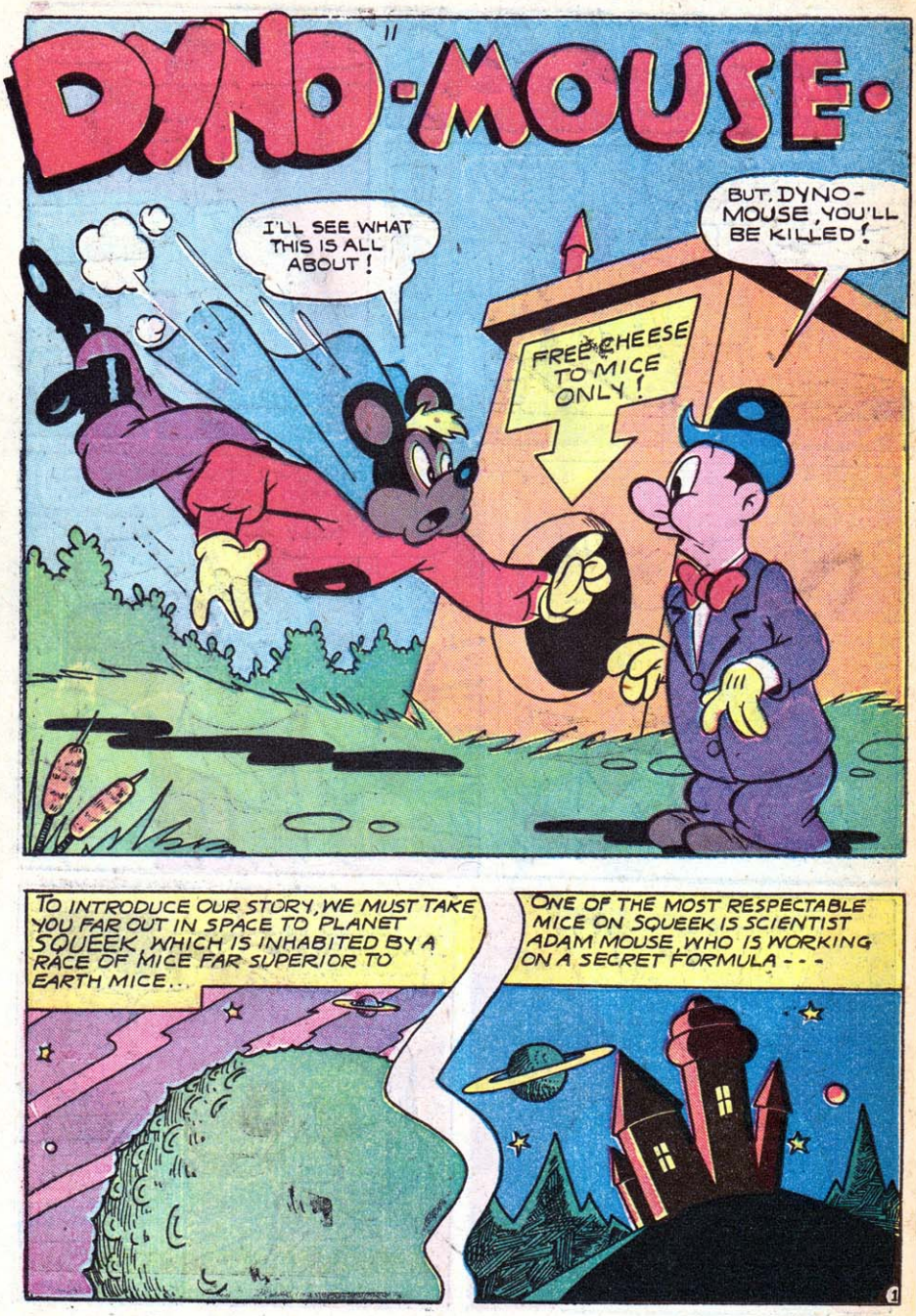

FOR CAPTURING JUNGOL, THE PRINCESS HAS PROMISED ME PRICELESS JEWELS...!
SLAVES, PLACE THE DEVIL-MAN IN THE CHEST THAT HAS BEEN PREPARED FOR HIM!
BUT I'M LEAVING THIS PLACE WITH MORE THAN JUST JEWELS—THE FIRST CHANCE I GET I'M RELIEVING THE PRINCESS OF HER MIRACULOUS ELIXER WHICH GIVES ITS USERS ETERNAL LIFE - FOR MANY CENTURIES MEN HAVE SEARCHED IN VAIN FOR THIS ELIXER—TO THINK THAT I HAVE LIVED TO FIND IT! I'LL MAKE A FORTUNE!
AND SOON...
SEE, MY SLAVES DELIVER THE GOLDEN CHEST TO MY ENEMIES, WHO WAIT OUTSIDE MY GATES TO ATTACK ME- THEY THINK THE CHEST IS A PEACE OFFERING!
BUT WHEN THEY OPEN THE CHEST MY BOWMAN WILL SHOOT AN ARROW INTO OUR CAPTIVE, GANT, THAT WILL SPILL HIS BLOOD—AND SO TURN HIM INTO THE TERRIBLE JUNGOL!
GREAT, PRINCESS. I WISH I COULD STAY FOR THE SHOW, BUT I MUST GO. THANKS FOR THE JEWELS.
AND AS THE ARROW HITS GANT'S SHOULDER...
HUH!
THAT BLOOD... IT BRINGS ON THAT SAVAGE FEELING... LIKE WHEN I FOUGHT THE GORILLA!
AND FROM PHIL GANT EMERGES JUNGOL!
4

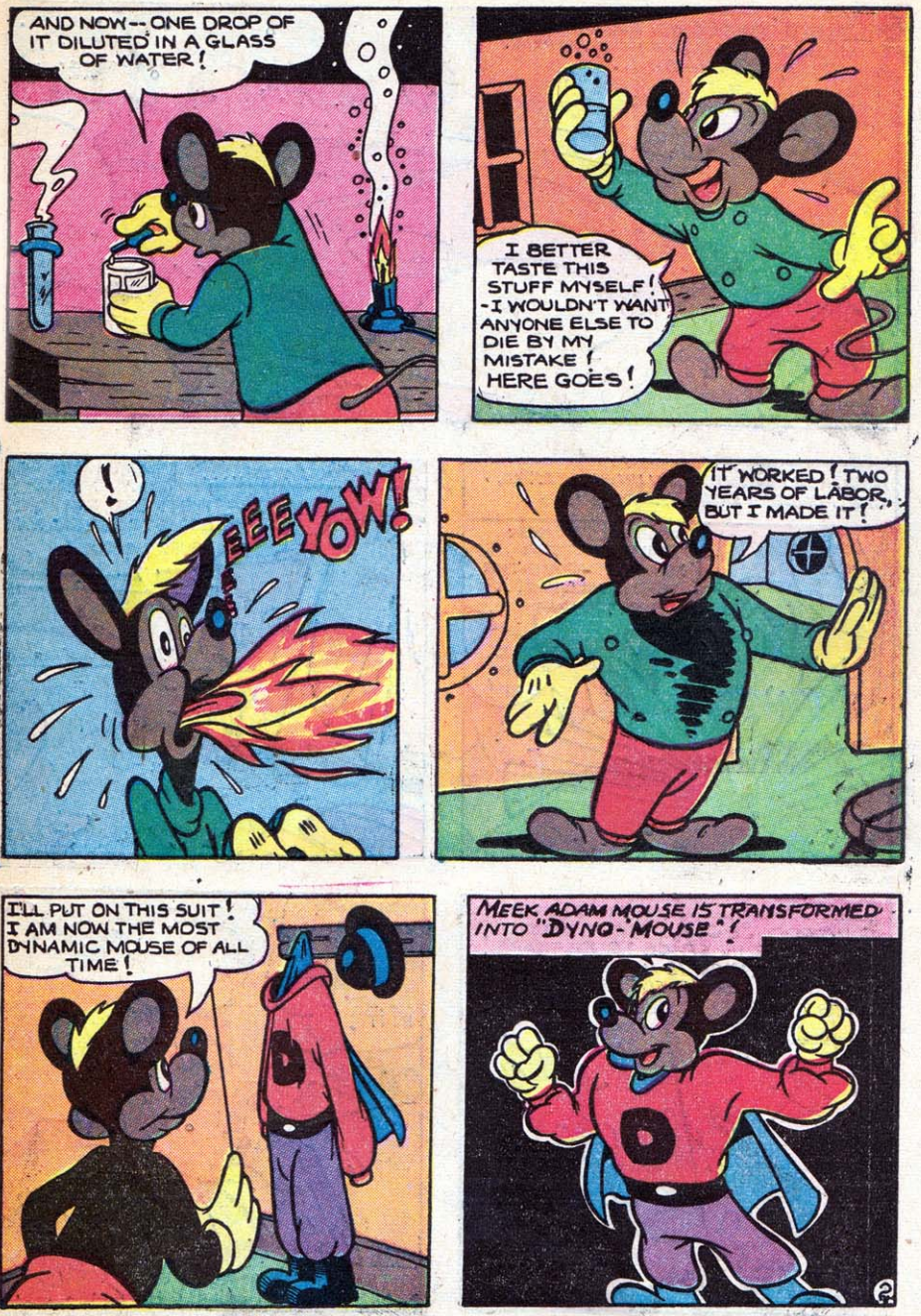

AND MINUTES LATER, AS JUNGOL BROODS OVER THE RAW DEAL HE GOT FROM MALON AND THE PRINCESS....
PRINCESS SADDRI OBSERVES HIM WITH SATISFACTION...
YOU HAVE SERVED ME WELL, MAN-BEAST! AS MY TOOL YOU HAVE BEATEN UP MY ENEMIES.
SUDDENLY, JUNGOL SPRINGS INTO ACTION, AND, WITH A CRY OF REVENGE, RUSHES TOWARDS THE VILLAGE OF THE PRINCESS!
AS SHE SEES JUNGOL APPROACH HER VILLAGE...
JUNGOL IS COMING! SLAVES, DESTROY HIM WITH YOUR SPEARS!
BUT THE SPEARS DO NOT STOP JUNGOL.....
AND THEN FATE DEALS IRONICALLY WITH THE PRINCESS!
STOP HIM!
YOUR TOYS ANNOY ME, FOOLS!
5

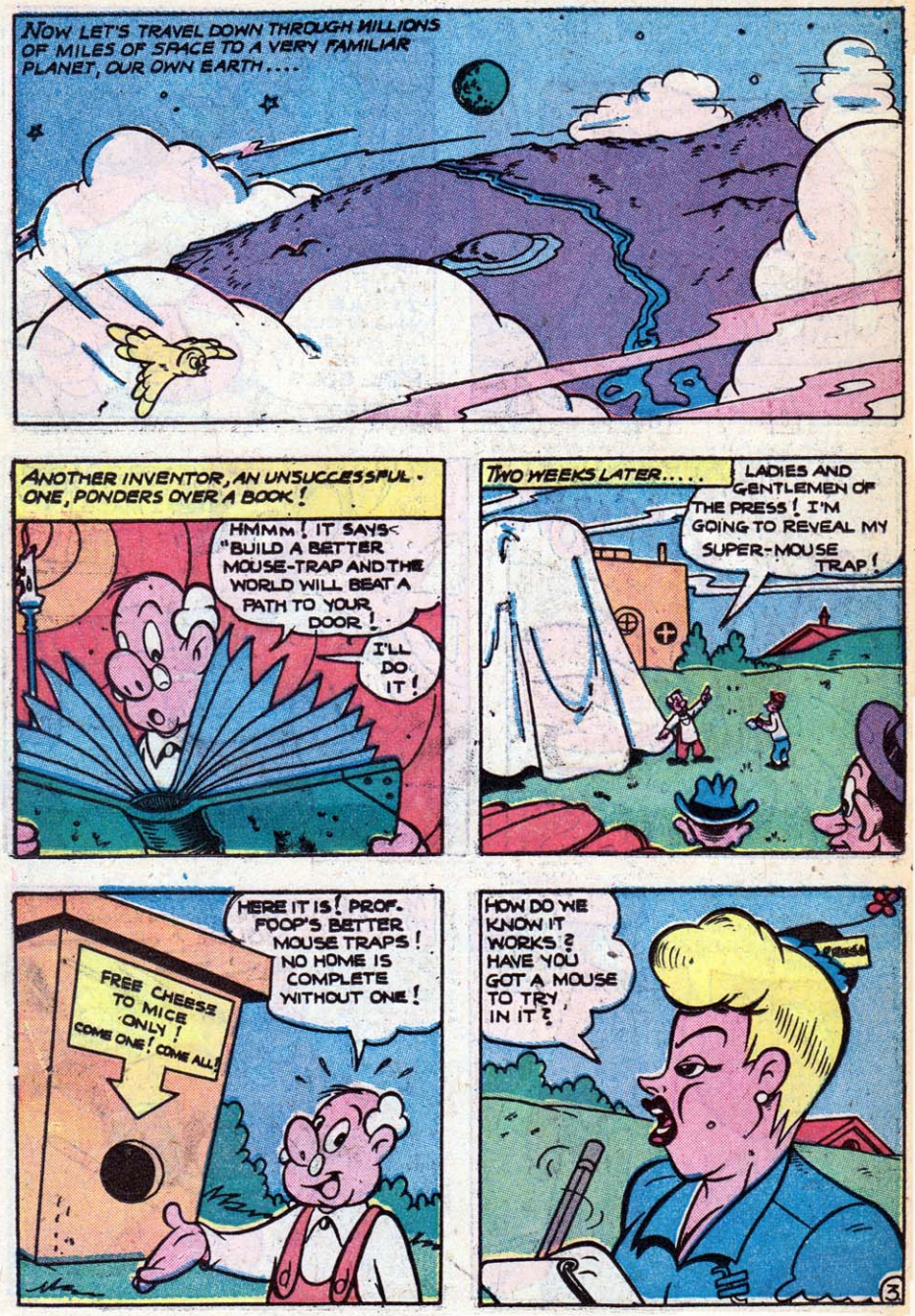

HA!
AAAEEE!
IS DEVIL GOD!
EEEK! THE CACTUS!
MEANTIME....
RETURN TO THE U.S. WITH ME AT ONCE, GLORIA, STAYING HERE IS RISKING OUR LIVES!
MR. BHIGG, EVEN IF YOU ARE THE GREATEST HOLLYWOOD MOVIE PRODUCER I WILL NOT LEAVE WITHOUT PHIL—!
OH!
THE ONLY PLACE YOU'RE GOING, BHIGG, IS TO SLEEP!
UGH!
AND YOU, SISTER, ARE GOING WITH ME!
OH, NO, MALON!
OH, YES, WE'LL SAIL TO A DISTANT PORT, WHERE YOU'LL BE MY SLAVE-BRIDE AND I ESCAPE A MURDER RAP.
LATER, I'LL DUMP YOU AND GO BACK TO HOLLYWOOD AND CLEAN UP A COOL FORTUNE WITH THAT LONG-LIFE ELIXER I SWIPED!
OH, JUNGOL, HOW I WISH YOU COULD FIND ME, BUT IT'S HOPELESS!
6

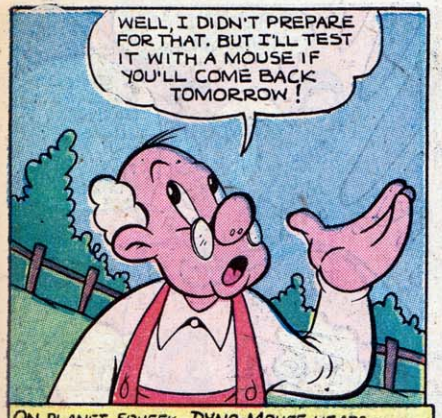

LUCKY I WAS ABLE TO REVIVE MR. BHIGG ENOUGH TO TALK! LUCKY TOO I AM STILL POSSESSED OF SOME MAN-BEAST SUPER-STRENGTH!
FOR I COULD NEVER SWIM THIS FAR WITHOUT IT! IN FACT, THE WATER IS COOLING MY WOUND NOW---
...WHICH MEANS I'M LOSING MY SUPER-POWER!
WELL, LOOK WHO'S HERE! AND HE'S NICE AND FAGGED OUT TOO!
(PANT) (PANT) JUST MADE IT!
GREETINGS, JUNGOL!
UNH!
AND NOW WE'LL JUST DRIVE THIS DAGGER INTO YOUR MANLY CHEST!
WAIT! STAB ME AND YOU'LL SPILL MY BLOOD—AND SO TURN ME INTO A SUPER-STRONG MAN-BEAST AGAIN!
RIGHT, I DON'T DARE TO STAB YOU! BUT YOU WON'T DARE RETURN TO HOLLYWOOD. THERE MY AGENT HAS BEEN USING YOUR NAME IN CHEATING THE PUBLIC OUT OF A FORTUNE BY SELLING THEM A PHONEY ELIXER. THE POLICE WANT TO LOCK YOU UP, GANT-
SEIZED BY SUDDEN FEAR, MALON LEAPS OVERBOARD TO A SEEMING WATERY GRAVE.
I KNEW YOU'D SAVE ME, GANT, DEAR, AND YOU WILL CONVINCE THE HOLLYWOOD POLICE OF YOUR INNOCENCE!
7


Jit Jones
SEND ME WITH A SOLID MELODY FROM YONDER JUKE BOX, WILL YOU, JIT?
SURE, JUDY!
JK 1446
ALICE MA-6763
SPECIAL TODAY
C.W. Wimbs
HOLY COW, I THOUGHT I HAD A NICKEL CHANGE LEFT FROM THAT SODA!
I DON'T KNOW IF THIS BUTTON WILL WORK BUT CAN TAKE A CRACK AT IT!
RIP
COME ON, CHILLUN, LET'S POUND THE PLANKS! MY BUTTON IS GOING TO SUB FOR A NICKEL!
I HEAR YOU TALKING, CHUM!
CLICK
WHO'S THE GUILTY MUGG, WHO DROPPED IN A SLUG?
CHEAPSKATE
CHEAPSKATE
I WAS NEVER SO EMBARASSED IN MY LIFE... GOODBYE!
GIVE ME THE GOOD OLD DAYS BEFORE THE MACHINE AGE!
CHEAPSKATE
CHEAPSKATE


DYNO-MOUSE
I'LL SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
BUT, DYNO-MOUSE, YOU'LL BE KILLED!
FREE CHEESE TO MICE ONLY!
TO INTRODUCE OUR STORY, WE MUST TAKE YOU FAR OUT IN SPACE TO PLANET SQUEEK, WHICH IS INHABITED BY A RACE OF MICE FAR SUPERIOR TO EARTH MICE...
ONE OF THE MOST RESPECTABLE MICE ON SQUEEK IS SCIENTIST ADAM MOUSE, WHO IS WORKING ON A SECRET FORMULA - - -
1


AND NOW -- ONE DROP OF IT DILUTED IN A GLASS OF WATER!
I BETTER TASTE THIS STUFF MYSELF! -I WOULDN'T WANT ANYONE ELSE TO DIE BY MY MISTAKE! HERE GOES!
EEEYOW!
IT WORKED! TWO YEARS OF LABOR, BUT I MADE IT!
I'LL PUT ON THIS SUIT! I AM NOW THE MOST DYNAMIC MOUSE OF ALL TIME!
MEEK ADAM MOUSE IS TRANSFORMED INTO "DYNO-MOUSE"!

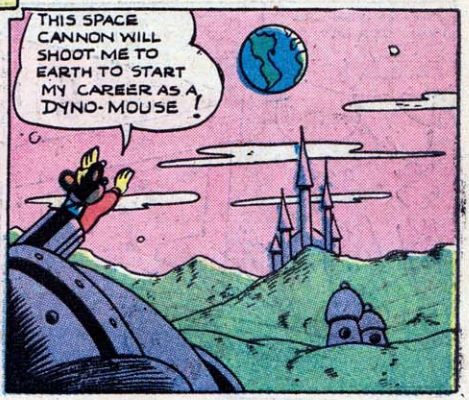

NOW LET'S TRAVEL DOWN THROUGH MILLIONS OF MILES OF SPACE TO A VERY FAMILIAR PLANET, OUR OWN EARTH....
ANOTHER INVENTOR, AN UNSUCCESSFUL ONE, PONDERS OVER A BOOK!
HMMm! IT SAYS "BUILD A BETTER MOUSE-TRAP AND THE WORLD WILL BEAT A PATH TO YOUR DOOR!
I'LL DO IT!
TWO WEEKS LATER.....
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS! I'M GOING TO REVEAL MY SUPER-MOUSE TRAP!
HERE IT IS! PROF. POOP'S BETTER MOUSE TRAPS! NO HOME IS COMPLETE WITHOUT ONE!
FREE CHEESE TO MICE ONLY! COME ONE! COME ALL!
HOW DO WE KNOW IT WORKS? HAVE YOU GOT A MOUSE TO TRY IN IT?
3

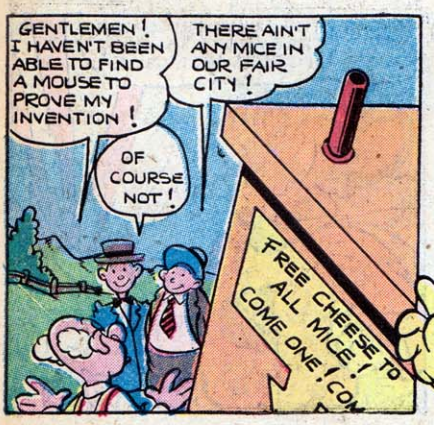


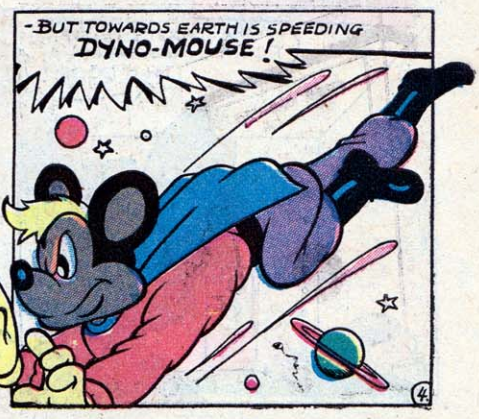


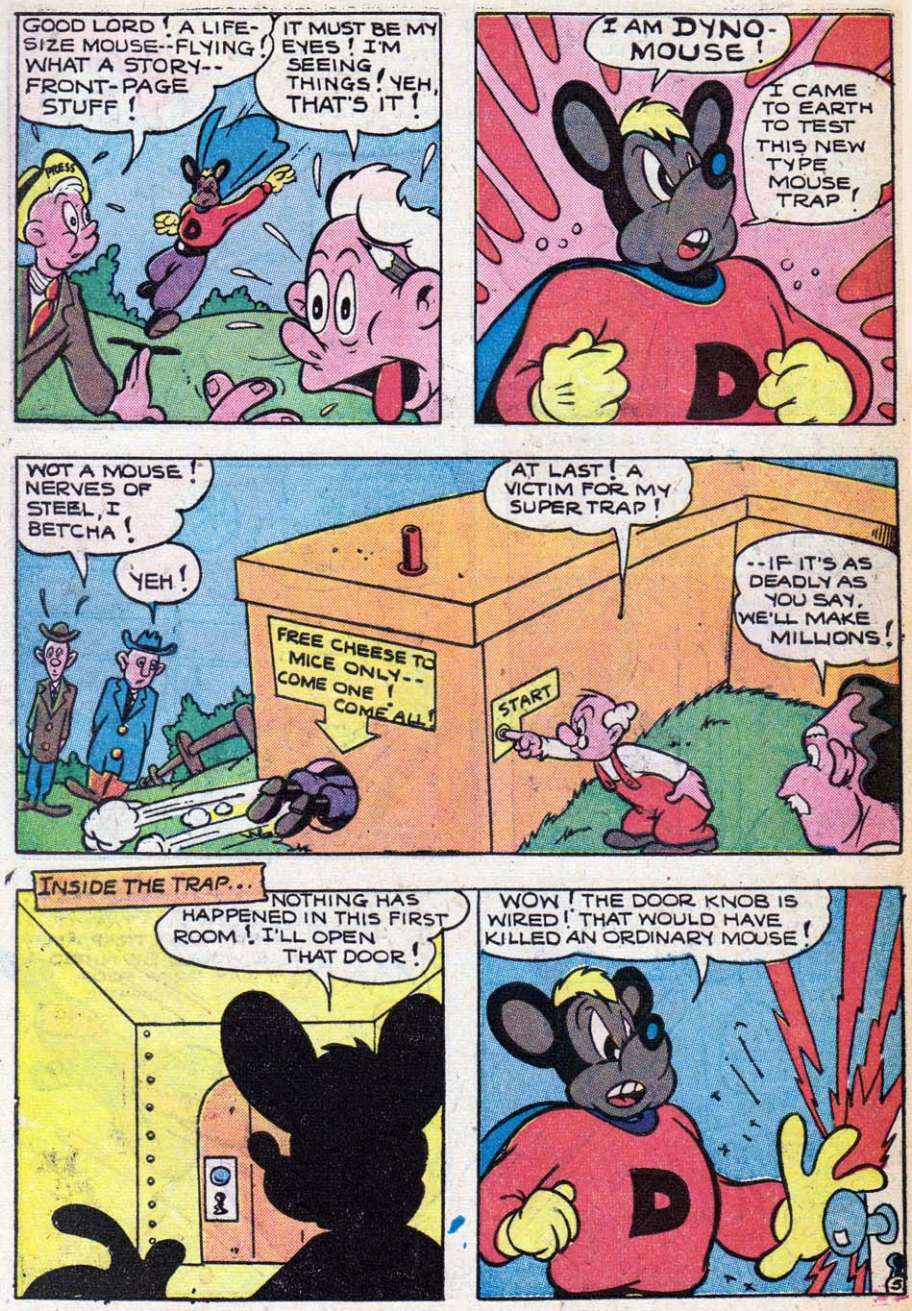
ON PLANET SQUEEK, DYNO-MOUSE HEARS..

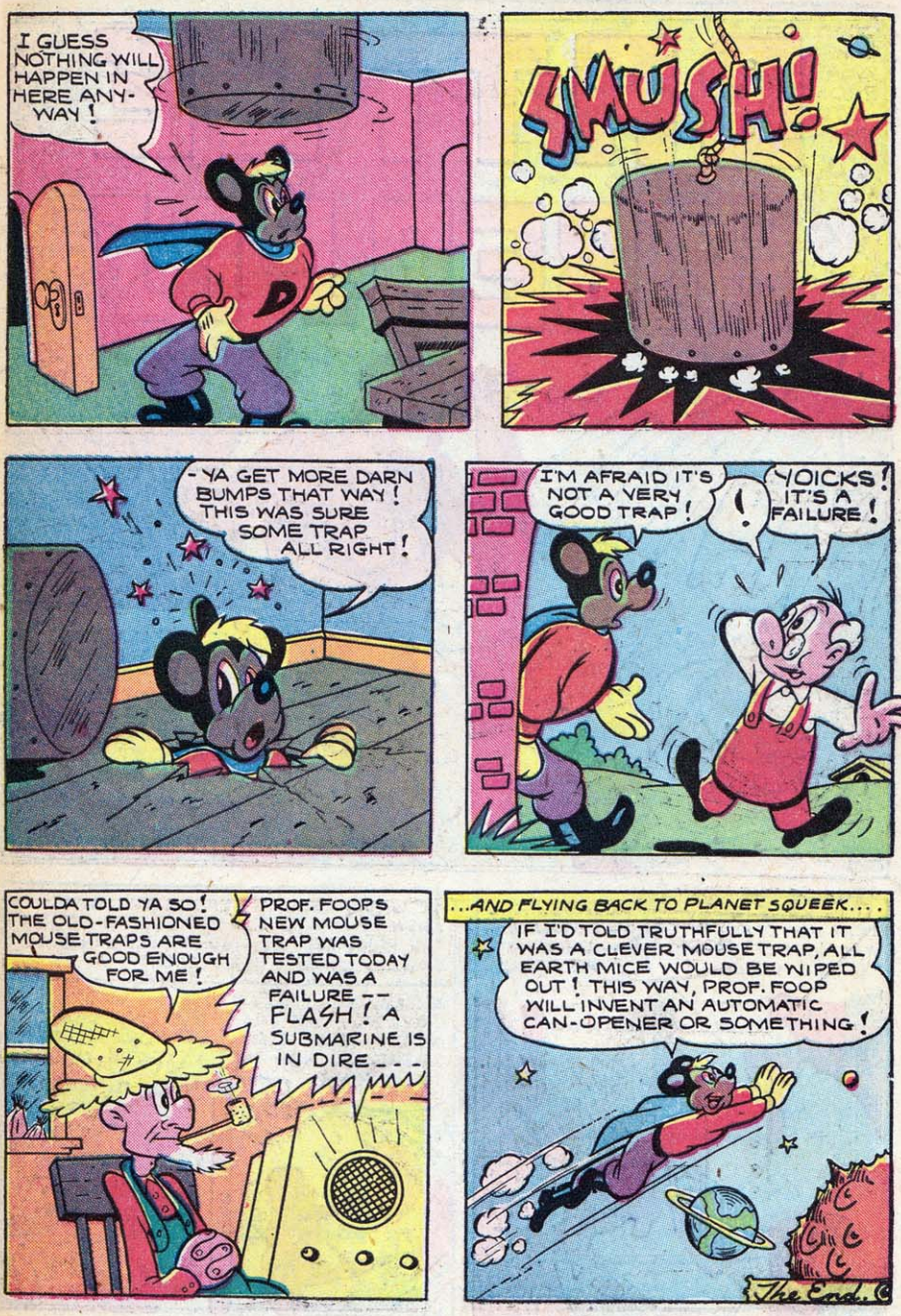


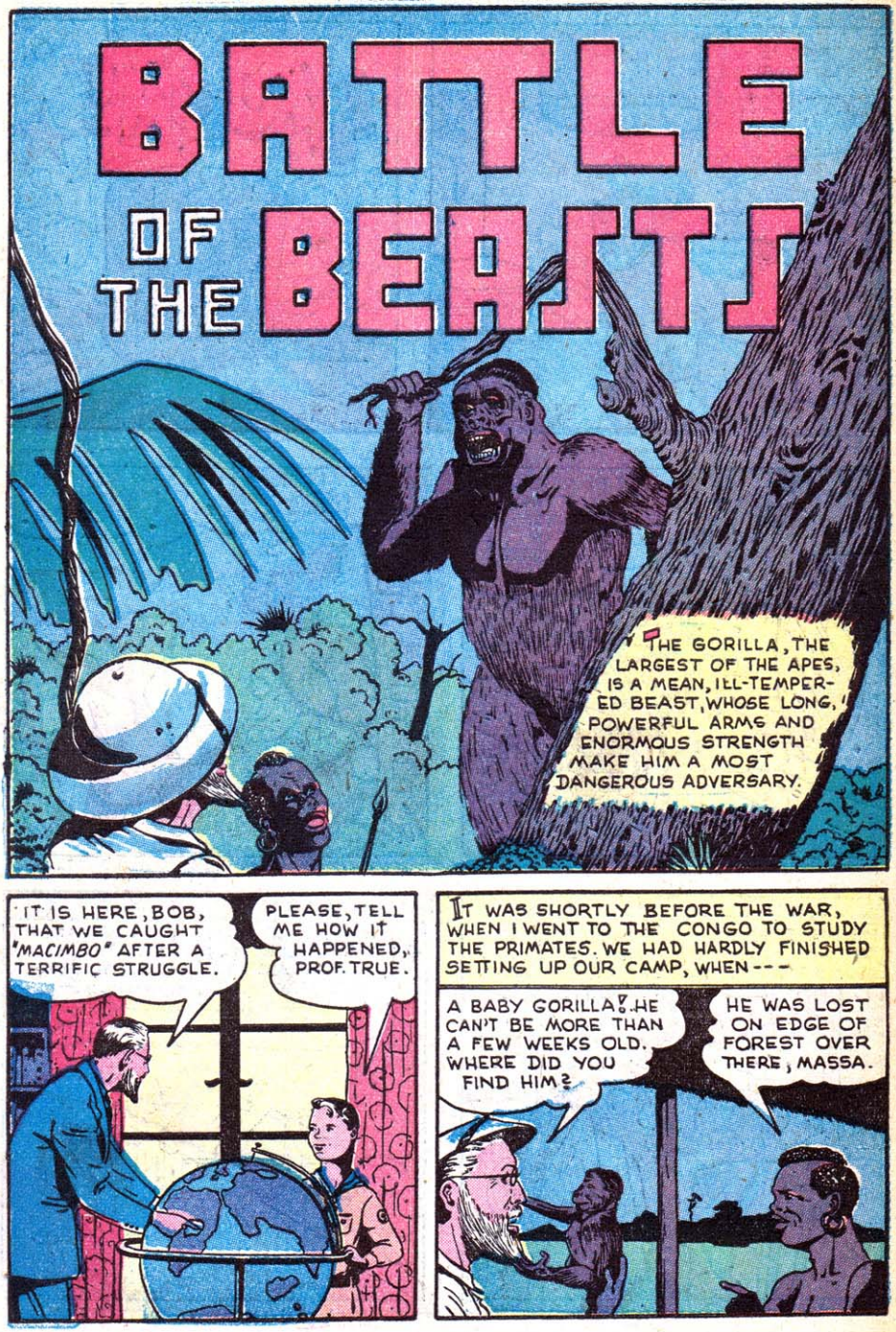




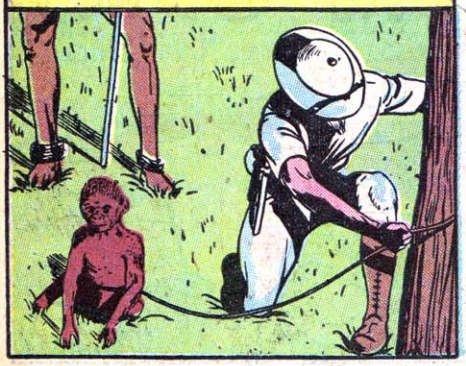



GOOD LORD! A LIFE-SIZE MOUSE--FLYING! WHAT A STORY--FRONT-PAGE STUFF!
PRESS
IT MUST BE MY EYES! I'M SEEING THINGS! YEH, THAT'S IT!
I AM DYNO-MOUSE!
I CAME TO EARTH TO TEST THIS NEW TYPE MOUSE TRAP!
WOT A MOUSE! NERVES OF STEEL, I BETCHA!
YEH!
FREE CHEESE TO MICE ONLY-- COME ONE! COME ALL!
AT LAST! A VICTIM FOR MY SUPER TRAP!
START
--IF IT'S AS DEADLY AS YOU SAY, WE'LL MAKE MILLIONS!
INSIDE THE TRAP...
NOTHING HAS HAPPENED IN THIS FIRST ROOM! I'LL OPEN THAT DOOR!
WOW! THE DOOR KNOB IS WIRED! THAT WOULD HAVE KILLED AN ORDINARY MOUSE!


I GUESS NOTHING WILL HAPPEN IN HERE ANY-WAY!
SMUSH!
-YA GET MORE DARN BUMPS THAT WAY! THIS WAS SURE SOME TRAP ALL RIGHT!
I'M AFRAID IT'S NOT A VERY GOOD TRAP!
!
YOICKS! IT'S A FAILURE!
COULDA TOLD YA SO! THE OLD-FASHIONED MOUSE TRAPS ARE GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!
PROF. FOOPS NEW MOUSE TRAP WAS TESTED TODAY AND WAS A FAILURE -- FLASH! A SUBMARINE IS IN DIRE - - -
...AND FLYING BACK TO PLANET SQUEEK....
IF I'D TOLD TRUTHFULLY THAT IT WAS A CLEVER MOUSE TRAP, ALL EARTH MICE WOULD BE WIPED OUT! THIS WAY, PROF. FOOP WILL INVENT AN AUTOMATIC CAN-OPENER OR SOMETHING!
The End. ©


BATTLE OF THE BEASTS
"THE GORILLA, THE LARGEST OF THE APES, IS A MEAN, ILL-TEMPERED BEAST, WHOSE LONG, POWERFUL ARMS AND ENORMOUS STRENGTH MAKE HIM A MOST DANGEROUS ADVERSARY.
IT IS HERE, BOB, THAT WE CAUGHT "MACIMBO" AFTER A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE.
PLEASE, TELL ME HOW IT HAPPENED, PROF. TRUE.
IT WAS SHORTLY BEFORE THE WAR, WHEN I WENT TO THE CONGO TO STUDY THE PRIMATES. WE HAD HARDLY FINISHED SETTING UP OUR CAMP, WHEN---
A BABY GORILLA?! HE CAN'T BE MORE THAN A FEW WEEKS OLD. WHERE DID YOU FIND HIM?
HE WAS LOST ON EDGE OF FOREST OVER THERE, MASSA.

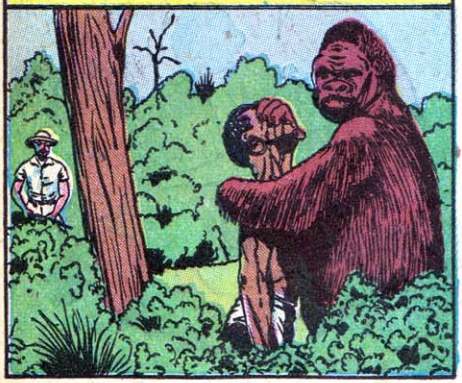
---WE MADE UP OUR MINDS TO NET THE BABY'S MOTHER, USING THE LITTLE ONE AS BAIT---



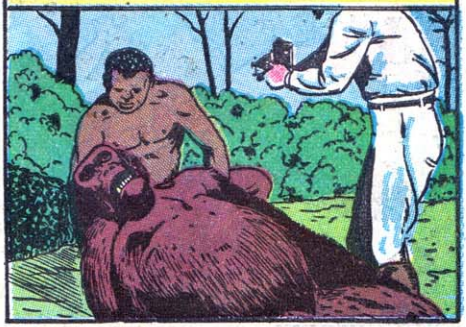
--TELLING THE NATIVES TO SPREAD OUT AND TO KEEP THE NET HANDY, I HID BEHIND A BUSH----SUDDENLY-



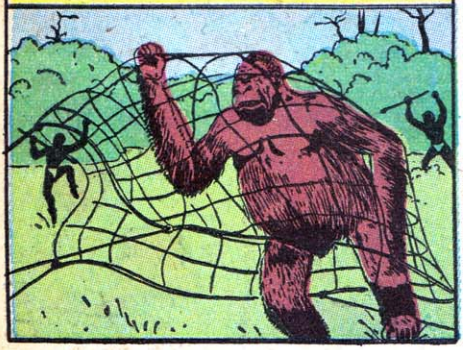
--RUSHING INTO THE FOREST, I SOON CAME UPON A HORRIBLE SCENE---



--ALTHOUGH I HAD WANTED TO TAKE THE GORILLA ALIVE, I HAD TO KILL HIM TO SAVE THE MAN. UNFORTUNATELY THE MAN WAS SO BADLY MANGLED HE DIED A FEW HOURS LATER---

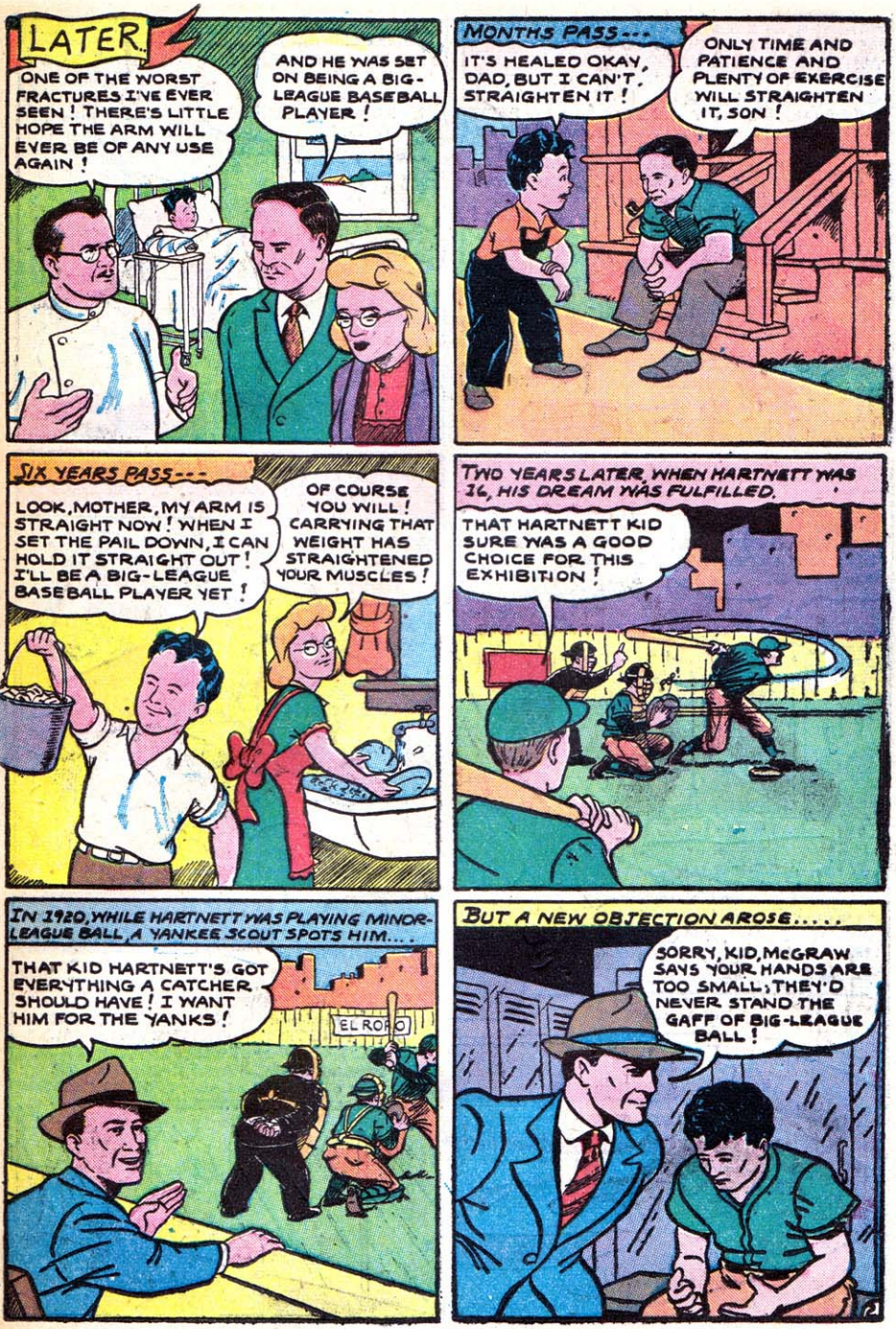


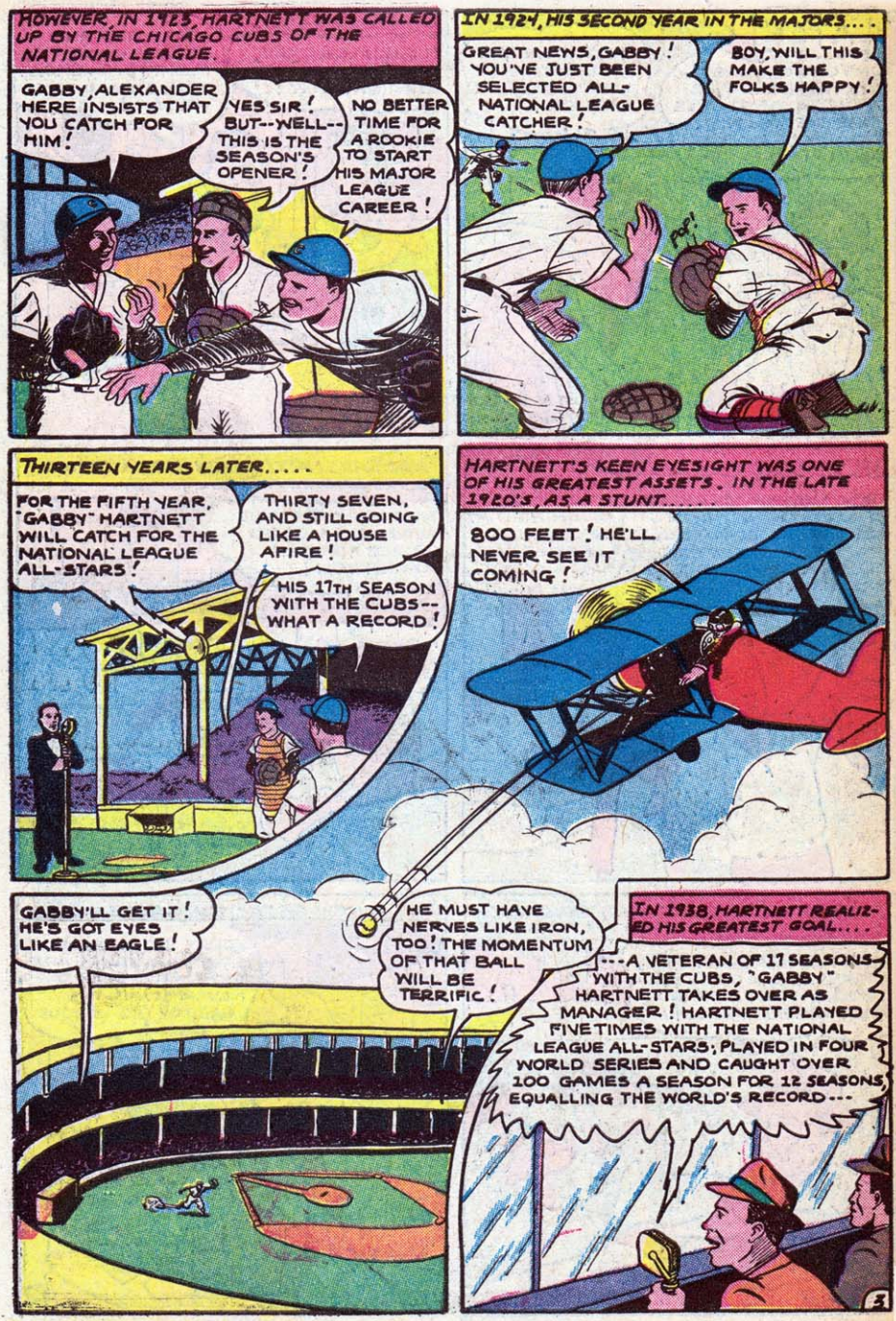
---SOME WEEKS LATER, AFTER A FIERCE STRUGGLE, WE WERE ABLE TO NET A GORILLA. WE CALLED HIM "MACIMBO" - HE DIED ON THE WAY HOME-






UNUSUAL SPORT STAR
CHAMPION—DESPITE BROKEN LIMB
WHEN CHARLES "GABBY" HARTNETT'S THROWING ARM WAS BROKEN, DOCTORS SAID HE WOULD NEVER USE IT AGAIN. YET, YEARS LATER, HE BECAME ONE OF THE GREATEST CATCHERS BASEBALL HAS EVER KNOWN!
HUDSON
GET IT, CHARLEY!
IT'S ALL MINE!
LET ME CATCH IT, CHARLEY!
LET ME GO!
OWWWW!
SOMEONE GET A DOCTOR!
I DIDN'T MEAN IT!


LATER..
ONE OF THE WORST FRACTURES I'VE EVER SEEN! THERE'S LITTLE HOPE THE ARM WILL EVER BE OF ANY USE AGAIN!
AND HE WAS SET ON BEING A BIG-LEAGUE BASEBALL PLAYER!
MONTHS PASS---
IT'S HEALED OKAY, DAD, BUT I CAN'T STRAIGHTEN IT!
ONLY TIME AND PATIENCE AND PLENTY OF EXERCISE WILL STRAIGHTEN IT, SON!
SIX YEARS PASS---
LOOK, MOTHER, MY ARM IS STRAIGHT NOW! WHEN I SET THE PAIL DOWN, I CAN HOLD IT STRAIGHT OUT! I'LL BE A BIG-LEAGUE BASEBALL PLAYER YET!
OF COURSE YOU WILL! CARRYING THAT WEIGHT HAS STRAIGHTENED YOUR MUSCLES!
TWO YEARS LATER, WHEN HARTNETT WAS 16, HIS DREAM WAS FULFILLED.
THAT HARTNETT KID SURE WAS A GOOD CHOICE FOR THIS EXHIBITION!
IN 1920, WHILE HARTNETT WAS PLAYING MINOR-LEAGUE BALL, A YANKEE SCOUT SPOTS HIM....
THAT KID HARTNETT'S GOT EVERYTHING A CATCHER SHOULD HAVE! I WANT HIM FOR THE YANKS!
EL ROPO
BUT A NEW OBJECTION AROSE.....
SORRY, KID, McGRAW SAYS YOUR HANDS ARE TOO SMALL; THEY'D NEVER STAND THE GAFF OF BIG-LEAGUE BALL!


HOWEVER, IN 1923, HARTNETT WAS CALLED UP BY THE CHICAGO CUBS OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE.
GABBY, ALEXANDER HERE INSISTS THAT YOU CATCH FOR HIM!
YES SIR! BUT--WELL--THIS IS THE SEASON'S OPENER!
NO BETTER TIME FOR A ROOKIE TO START HIS MAJOR LEAGUE CAREER!
IN 1924, HIS SECOND YEAR IN THE MAJORS....
GREAT NEWS, GABBY! YOU'VE JUST BEEN SELECTED ALL-NATIONAL LEAGUE CATCHER!
BOY, WILL THIS MAKE THE FOLKS HAPPY!
POP!
THIRTEEN YEARS LATER.....
FOR THE FIFTH YEAR, "GABBY" HARTNETT WILL CATCH FOR THE NATIONAL LEAGUE ALL-STARS!
THIRTY SEVEN, AND STILL GOING LIKE A HOUSE AFIRE!
HIS 17TH SEASON WITH THE CUBS--WHAT A RECORD!
HARTNETT'S KEEN EYESIGHT WAS ONE OF HIS GREATEST ASSETS. IN THE LATE 1920'S, AS A STUNT....
800 FEET! HE'LL NEVER SEE IT COMING!
GABBY'LL GET IT! HE'S GOT EYES LIKE AN EAGLE!
HE MUST HAVE NERVES LIKE IRON, TOO! THE MOMENTUM OF THAT BALL WILL BE TERRIFIC!
IN 1938, HARTNETT REALIZED HIS GREATEST GOAL....
---A VETERAN OF 17 SEASONS WITH THE CUBS, "GABBY" HARTNETT TAKES OVER AS MANAGER! HARTNETT PLAYED FIVE TIMES WITH THE NATIONAL LEAGUE ALL-STARS; PLAYED IN FOUR WORLD SERIES AND CAUGHT OVER 100 GAMES A SEASON FOR 12 SEASONS, EQUALLING THE WORLD'S RECORD---
3

MAGIC TRICKS

CHALLENGE YOUR FRIENDS TO ARRANGE ANY ONE OF THE SUITS OF THIRTEEN CARDS IN SUCH A WAY THAT, HOLDING THE CARDS FACE DOWN, HE CAN LAY THEM DOWN ONE AT A TIME AS FOLLOWS: TOP CARD ON THE TABLE, FACE UP; NEXT CARD UNDER THE PACK, NEXT CARD ON THE TABLE, NEXT CARD UNDER; NEXT CARD ON THE TABLE, AND SO ON THROUGH THE THIRTEEN CARDS, AND HAVE THE CARDS SHOW UP ON THE TABLE IN THE CORRECT ORDER — ACE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, AND SO ON.

HE MAY TRY — BUT HE WILL CERTAINLY FAIL. IT IS EASY TO SEE THAT THE TOP CARD MUST BE THE ACE, THE THIRD CARD THE DEUCE, THE FIFTH THE THREE, AND SO ON; BUT HOW TO ARRANGE THE WHOLE THIRTEEN TO HAVE THEM COME OUT IN ORDER IS A STICKER . . . YOU CAN SHOW HIM HOW TO DO IT, IF YOU LIKE, OR PREPARE THE DECK SECRETLY, IF YOU PREFER . . . HERE IS THE ORDER OF THE THIRTEEN CARDS:

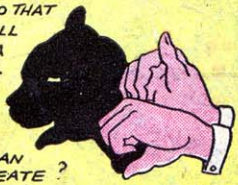
ACE, QUEEN, TWO, EIGHT, THREE, JACK, FOUR, NINE, FIVE, KING, SIX, TEN, SEVEN.

REMEMBER — ACE ON TABLE, QUEEN UNDER, TWO DOWN, AND SO ON.



FUN WITH SHADOWGRAPHS. THIS ILLUSTRATION SHOWS HOW SIMPLE A PICTURE OF A BULL-DOG CAN BE CAST UPON A WALL.

PLACE YOUR HANDS AS SHOWN, IN FRONT OF A LIGHT SO THAT THEY WILL MAKE A SHADOW.



WHAT CAN YOU CREATE?



CUT INITIALS, WORDS OR SIMPLE PICTURES ON THE ENDS OF CORKS AS SHOWN. . . THEN MAKE AN INK-PAD WITH A SOFT CLOTH.

PRESS THE CORK STAMPS AGAINST THE INK-PAD AND THEN PRINT THE DESIGNS ON A PIECE OF PAPER BY PRESSING ON THE CORKS





THREE PLAYMATES. SHADE IN THE SECTIONS IN WHICH THERE IS A DOT TO SEE THEM.



A CLEVER TRICK

TOSS A SMALL PIECE OF PAPER IN THE AIR AND AS IT IS FALLING TO THE FLOOR ASTONISH YOUR FRIENDS BY SNIPPING OFF A PERFECT STRIP WITH YOUR SCISSORS.

THE SECRET IS PICTURED BELOW. A STRIP IS CUT OFF THE PAPER BEFOREHAND AND IS PLACED BETWEEN THE BLADES OF THE SCISSORS. IT IS RELEASED AS YOU PRETEND TO CUT THE PAPER IN MID-AIR.

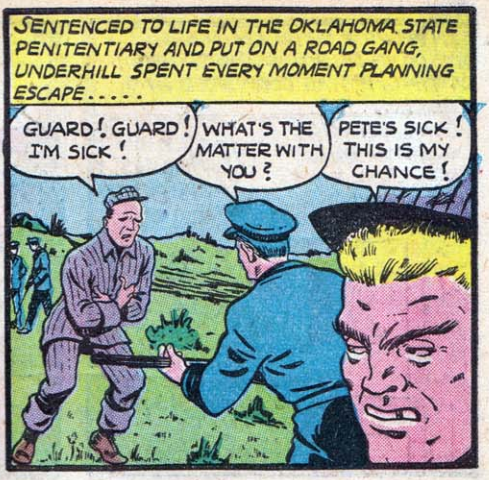



THE
TRI-STATE TERROR
TRUE DRAMATIC CRIME
WILBUR UNDERHILL, KNOWN AS THE TRI-STATE TERROR, WAS ONE OF THE MOST VICIOUS KILLERS FEDERAL LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS EVER DEALT WITH IN THE SOUTH-WEST. HE STARTED HIS CRIME CAREER LIKE MANY ANOTHER CRIMINAL, AS A PETTY BOOTLEGGER. HE ENDED IT ALSO LIKE MANY ANOTHER CRIMINAL.....SHOT TO DEATH BY THE F.B.I.!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
THE STATE PRISON IN OKLAHOMA.....
UNDERHILL, YOU CAN GO. THIS IS THE SECOND TIME WE'VE HAD YOU FOR PETTY LARCENY. I HOPE YOU'VE LEARNED YOUR LESSON!
I LEARNED PLENTY, WARDEN. YOU WON'T BE SEEIN' ME AGAIN. SO LONG!
NO MORE SMALL TIME FOR ME! THE WARDEN'D BLOW A GASKET IF HE KNEW I HAD A LETTER TO THE KIMES BROTHERS IN MY POCKET. THEM GUYS ROBBED MORE BANKS THAN YOU CAN SHAKE A STICK AT!


UNDERHILL TEAMED UP WITH THE NOTORIOUS BROTHERS AND SOON HAD SEVERAL BANK ROBBERIES TO HIS CREDIT ON OCT. 17, 1928...
OKAY, GET SET. AND UNDERHILL, LAY OFF THAT ITCHY TRIGGER FINGER OF YOURS!
AW, DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME. I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF!
CLAYNE LLE CITY BANK
ALL RIGHT, EVERYBODY, REACH! YOU GET THE MONEY OUT OF THAT CAGE AND NO PHONEY MOVES!
PAYING
I... I CAN'T DO THAT! WHY..
YOU HEARD ME! GET IT UP! THE NEXT BULLET WON'T BE SO HIGH!
KILL HIM! LET HIM HAVE IT!
BANG!
HOLD OUT ON US! WHY, YOU LITTLE...
CAN THAT, UNDERHILL! YOU HEARD THE ORDERS! GET THAT MONEY, JOE, AND LET'S BEAT IT!
BANG!
PAYING
A LITTLE LATER...
UNDERHILL, WHAT'S THE IDEA OF SHOOTING AT THAT CASHIER? YOU HEARD WHAT I SAID IN FRONT OF THE BANK!
THE LITTLE RAT DESERVED TO BE KNOCKED OFF. I SHOULDA LET HIM HAVE IT!
HERE'S YOUR CUT, UNDERHILL. NOW BEAT IT! WE AIN'T TEAMING UP WITH ANY GUY THAT'S MURDER HAPPY. MURDER RAPS AIN'T BECOMING THIS SEASON!
OKAY, WISE GUY. I CAN DO JUST AS WELL ALONE!
2


SOON OUT OF FUNDS, UNDERHILL CHOSE AN OKLAHOMA DRUG STORE FOR HIS FIRST ATTEMPT AS A LONE WOLF.....
I OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO KNOCK THIS OVER EASY. THEY HAD A GOOD DAY'S BUSINESS, SO THE REGISTER SHOULD BE FULL.
LET'S HAVE WHAT'S IN THAT REGISTER! GET MOVIN'!
WH... WHAT...?
NO SALE
GIFT
2 for 4
UNDERHILL STARTS RECKLESS KILLING....
HERE YOU ARE, MISTER. I AIN'T PAID TO TAKE RISKS.... AAGHH, OHHHH!
I AIN'T GONNA HAVE ANYBODY AROUND TO IDENTIFY ME LATER!
BANG!
SOAP
SOAP
LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES FINALLY TRAILED UNDERHILL TO PICHER, OKLA.....
OKAY, UNDERHILL, LET'S GO AND NO FUNNY BUSINESS!
THE LAW!
CIGARS
LOOK OUT, BOYS, HE'S PACKIN' A GUN!
BANG
NO SHERRIFF'S GONNA TAKE ME!
HELP! AIII!
COME OUT OF THERE, YOU MURDERING RAT! BE SURE AND TAKE HIM ALIVE, MEN!
BANG
5


ALL RIGHT, TRIGGER FINGERS, THAT'S ENOUGH OF THAT!
LUCKY YOU SLUGGED HIM, TOM! THAT GUY'S A KILLER IF EVER I SAW ONE!
UGH!

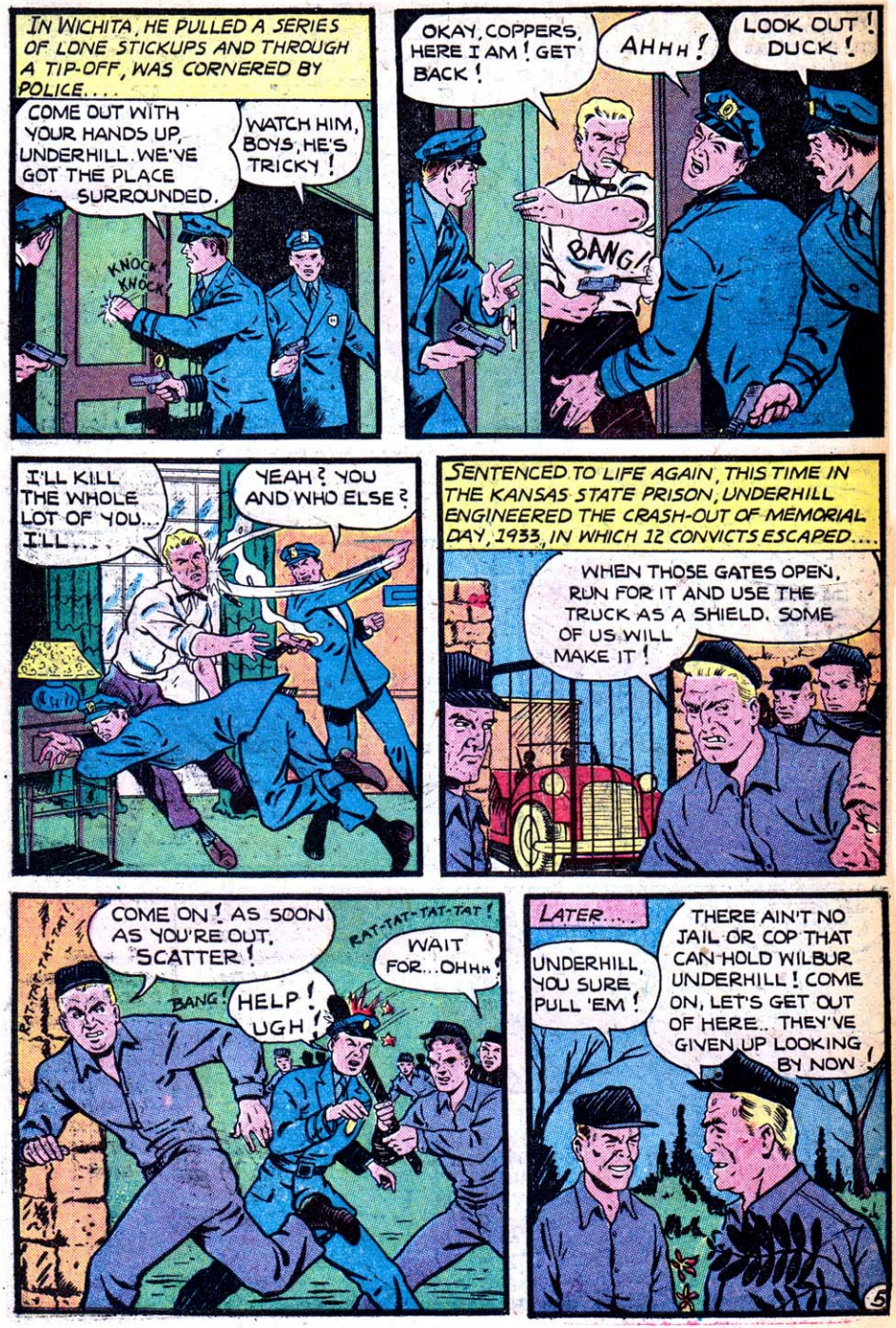

SENTENCED TO LIFE IN THE OKLAHOMA STATE PENITENTIARY AND PUT ON A ROAD GANG, UNDERHILL SPENT EVERY MOMENT PLANNING ESCAPE.....
GUARD! GUARD! I'M SICK!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?
PETE'S SICK! THIS IS MY CHANCE!

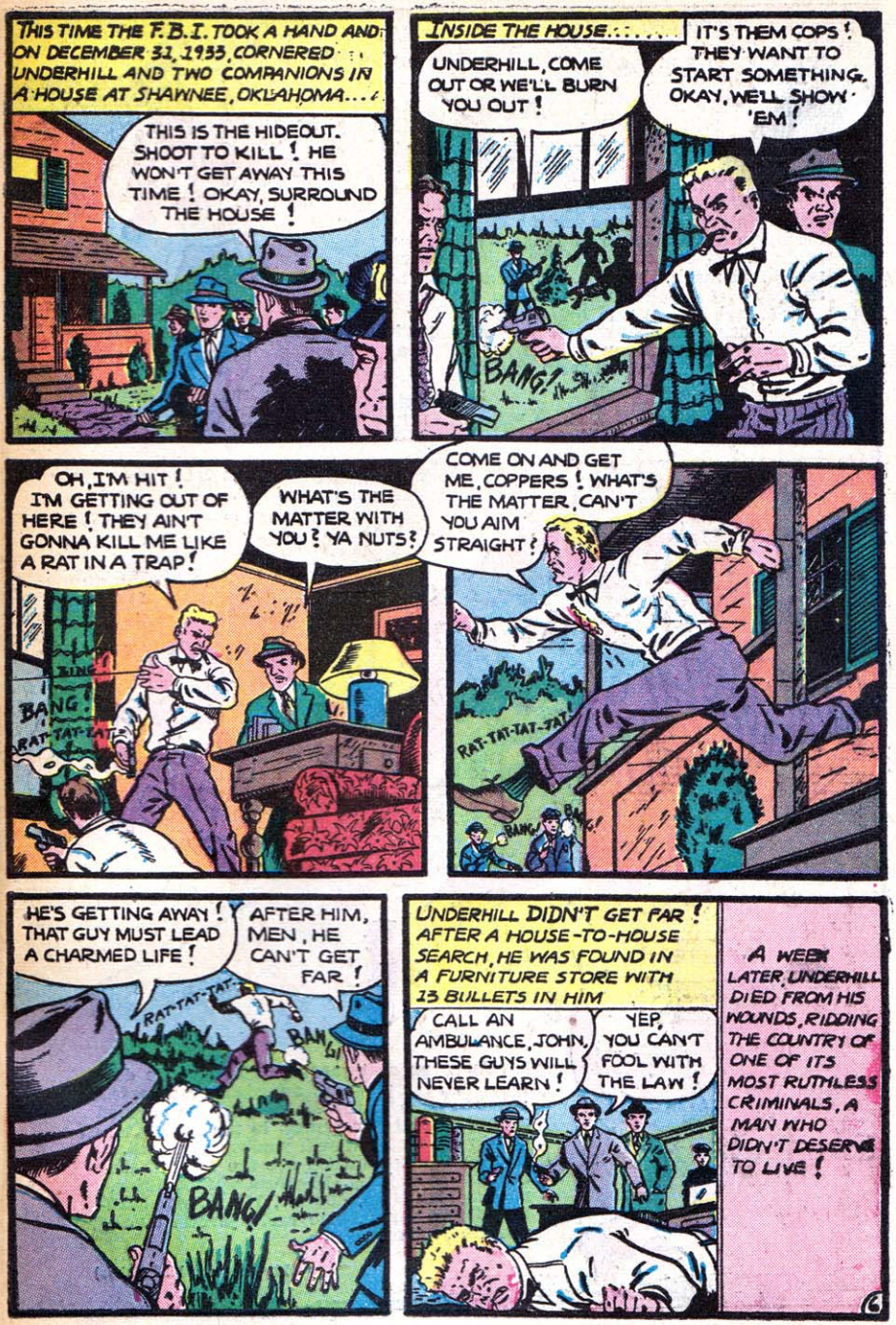

UNDERHILL, HALT! DROP THAT SHOVEL!
AAGHH!


STOP, UNDERHILL, OR YOU'RE A DEAD MAN!
IF I CAN MAKE THAT RIVER, THEY'LL NEVER GET ME!
COME BACK HERE!
BANG!


HE'S GETTING AWAY!
NOW LET THEM CHASE ME! NO COP WILL EVER TAKE ME AGAIN!


UNDERHILL MANAGED TO GET OUT OF OKLAHOMA AND MADE HIS WAY TO WICHITA, KANSAS.....
NOBODY KNOWS ME HERE. I OUGHT TO DO ALL RIGHT.
4


IN WICHITA, HE PULLED A SERIES OF LONE STICKUPS AND THROUGH A TIP-OFF, WAS CORNERED BY POLICE....
COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP, UNDERHILL. WE'VE GOT THE PLACE SURROUNDED.
WATCH HIM, BOYS, HE'S TRICKY!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
OKAY, COPPERS, HERE I AM! GET BACK!
AHHH!
LOOK OUT! DUCK!
BANG!
I'LL KILL THE WHOLE LOT OF YOU... I'LL....
YEAH? YOU AND WHO ELSE?
SENTENCED TO LIFE AGAIN, THIS TIME IN THE KANSAS STATE PRISON, UNDERHILL ENGINEERED THE CRASH-OUT OF MEMORIAL DAY, 1933, IN WHICH 12 CONVICTS ESCAPED....
WHEN THOSE GATES OPEN, RUN FOR IT AND USE THE TRUCK AS A SHIELD. SOME OF US WILL MAKE IT!
COME ON! AS SOON AS YOU'RE OUT, SCATTER!
RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!
WAIT FOR... OHHH!
BANG!
HELP! UGH!
RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!
LATER....
UNDERHILL, YOU SURE PULL 'EM!
THERE AIN'T NO JAIL OR COP THAT CAN HOLD WILBUR UNDERHILL! COME ON, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.. THEY'VE GIVEN UP LOOKING BY NOW!
5


THIS TIME THE F.B.I. TOOK A HAND AND ON DECEMBER 31, 1933, CORNERED UNDERHILL AND TWO COMPANIONS IN A HOUSE AT SHAWNEE, OKLAHOMA...
THIS IS THE HIDEOUT. SHOOT TO KILL! HE WON'T GET AWAY THIS TIME! OKAY, SURROUND THE HOUSE!
INSIDE THE HOUSE.....
UNDERHILL, COME OUT OR WE'LL BURN YOU OUT!
IT'S THEM COPS! THEY WANT TO START SOMETHING. OKAY, WE'LL SHOW 'EM!
BANG!
OH, I'M HIT! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE! THEY AIN'T GONNA KILL ME LIKE A RAT IN A TRAP!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? YA NUTS?
BANG! RAT-TAT-TAT
COME ON AND GET ME, COPPERS! WHAT'S THE MATTER, CAN'T YOU AIM STRAIGHT?
RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!
BANG!
HE'S GETTING AWAY! THAT GUY MUST LEAD A CHARMED LIFE!
AFTER HIM, MEN, HE CAN'T GET FAR!
RAT-TAT-TAT
BANG!
UNDERHILL DIDN'T GET FAR! AFTER A HOUSE-TO-HOUSE SEARCH, HE WAS FOUND IN A FURNITURE STORE WITH 13 BULLETS IN HIM
CALL AN AMBULANCE, JOHN. THESE GUYS WILL NEVER LEARN!
YEP, YOU CAN'T FOOL WITH THE LAW!
A WEEK LATER, UNDERHILL DIED FROM HIS WOUNDS, RIDDING THE COUNTRY OF ONE OF ITS MOST RUTHLESS CRIMINALS, A MAN WHO DIDN'T DESERVE TO LIVE!
6

UNUSUAL SPORTS STARS

One of the best all-around athletes ever to attend N. Y. U. is ex-sgt. IRVING "MOON" MONDSCHEIN.

The 23-year old biology student is this country's brightest hope for the Olympic decathlon championship in 1948. Tipping the scale at 193 pounds and standing just under the 6-foot mark, Moon has been referred to as one of the outstanding athletes of all time.

Mondschein has won National decathlon titles twice. The first time in 1944 while he was still in the Army and the second time in 1946 after his return from Japan.



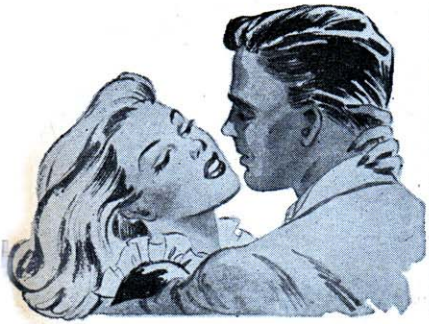
Mondschein's most serious competition for the honor of representing the United States in 1948 comes from Bill Cummins of Texas, Dike Eddleman of Illinois and Lloyd Duff of Ohio State.



Under present scoring rules for the decathlon, 1360 points is awarded for a perfect score in each of the ten events. He is rated according to his nearness to the record which counts for the maximum number of points.

The events included are the 100 m.*, the running broad jump, 16-pound weight throw, running high jump, 400 m., 110 m. high hurdles, discus throw, pole vault, javelin throw and the 1500 m. run.

*M.--metre (39.37 inches)



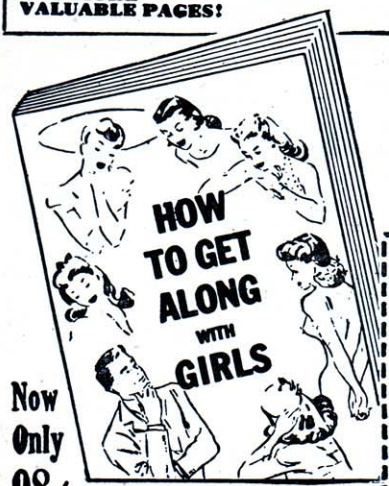
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